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[THE BYSTANDER, MAY 26, 1937.

The BYSTANDER

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Coronation Naval Review

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FRANCE—*continued*

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GERMANY—*Continued*

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GERMANY—*Continued*

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The Bystander, May 26, 1937 No. 1745. Vol. CXXXIV.

The Bystander

Vandyk

Queen Mary—Seventy To-day

The reception Queen Mary has always received was, if possible, more enthusiastic than ever at the Coronation of her son and daughter-in-law. To-day, exactly two weeks after that day, is the seventieth birthday of the Queen Mother who has been to her people so much a Queen and so much a mother

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE Imperial Conference is, not unnaturally, getting off to a slow start. The Statesmen of the Empire are, at the moment, rather like a lot of schoolboys who have been called upon to do a bit of "prep" after an enormous feast of turkey and plum-pudding. Ceremonies lie pretty heavily upon them, and so far they have not succeeded in doing much more than split themselves up into sub-committees.

THE dominant factor in international affairs at the moment is the furious indignation which Signor Mussolini feels for the British Empire. There are, I think, three reasons for this indignation. The first is our steady refusal to recognise the King of Italy as the Emperor of Abyssinia; the second is the outbreak of giggles in the London Press when the Italian troops executed their strategic retreat in the Guadarramas; and the third is the tiresome display of imperial unity and strength which has been shown by the Coronation.

AS a result of his rage, the Duce is back at his old game of coquetting with Herr Hitler. Austria has been temporarily shelved. That is to say, the Italian Dictator is pretending that he has no real objections to a German army on the Bremen, provided that the Führer will help him to a Mediterranean that is free of the British Navy. But dictators do not always see eye to eye. At the moment Herr Hitler is eager for an Anglo-German rapprochement (and so is Lord Londonderry), and he is obviously being egged on to it by Herr Schacht. That shrewd genius of German finance, the president of the Reichsbank, is a realist. He knows perfectly well that Germany must have a loan, and that only two countries in the world can lend, and that America isn't going to lend. So what is left? London. Signor Mussolini may have eight million bayonets, but Herr Schacht would sooner have eighty million pounds.

ON the Lord Palmerston front, I have to report that a British destroyer has been mined on the high seas, outside territorial waters, and no one has yet even protested. Several British sailors have been killed, and no one has yet even protested. Mr. Koestler, correspondent of the *News-Chronicle*, has been released after three months in various dungeons in Malaga and Seville. No one has yet even protested.

THE Spaniards are an incalculable people. They will not run true to historical form. History has always shown that in times of stress and civil war, extremism gradually gains the upper hand. Lenin ousted Kerensky, and Robespierre defeated Danton, and the regicides had their way with Charles I. But the overthrow of the Caballero Government has led to the formation of a new Government which does not contain a single representative of the Anarcho-Syndicalists, or of the Communist-Socialist trade-unions. A move towards liberal moderation in emergency is surely a record.

YOU may think it out of date to say a word about the Spithead Review, which took place at least a week ago. If you do think that, then I am going to show you exactly how wrong you are. A Spithead Naval Review can never be out of date, for it is the epitome of the historic strength of England. From the days of Sluys and Les Espagnols-sur-Mer to Jutland, England has survived only because of the ships which can at any moment be summoned to Spithead. They came there in 1914 and showed the world. They have come again in 1937, and I fancy the world is pondering over the parallel.

IF the national coal stoppage takes place on May 29th, it will look as if a coal-hoodoo has pursued Mr. Baldwin throughout his career as Prime Minister. It was during one of his earlier premierships that he spent twenty-three million pounds of the tax-payer's money to avoid a coal-strike in 1926, and then we had the great coal-strike after all. Only a week or two ago, he made his famous last appeal in the House of Commons for industrial peace. It will be a tragedy if the strike begins on the very day after he resigns the Premiership.

ONE effect of the bus-strike has been to make London tube-conscious. The habit of skipping on to a passing bus has been changed into the habit of finding out where to change on a journey from St. James's Park to Gospel Oak, or somewhere. It is, of course, incomparably quicker to travel by tube, if you can stand the noise and are not claustrophobic, and it is also far more certain. There are no sudden traffic jams in the tube.

FIELD-MARSHAL VON HINDENBURG is recorded to have said, almost with tears in his eyes, during the titanic battles of 1917 and 1918, "do not give me poetry to read; it might make me too soft-hearted." Now I read that Field-Marshal von Blomberg, the German Minister of Defence, visited last week the Royal Tank Corps at Lulworth, and then hastened on to see Wool Manor House, the scene of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, and other parts of the Hardy country. The Field-Marshal is an enthusiastic fan of the gloomy old card.

The End of Review Day: Golden Rain Against a Still Sky and Sea

A Child's Painting Come to Life on a Huge Scale: More Golden Plumes from the Lighted Ships

JUDGE VAN DEVENTER, seventy-eight years old, crusted, Conservative judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, has resigned. This makes it certain that New Deal legislation will be more tenderly handled by the Supreme Court in the near future. But there has been one awkward result, for any Democratic president who is taking a long view. The moment Mr. Van Deventer resigned, the Judicial Committee of the Senate rejected the President's proposal that judges should retire at seventy. Apparently the Committee thought that the President was getting enough luck as it was, without handing him some more on a plate.

THE whole world is a-tiptoe (or agog, whichever you like). Mr. Dunning, the Finance Minister of Canada, has announced that Canada's new coins will be the "most artistic ever issued." For those of us who have spent a lifetime in adoration of the great silver coins of Syracuse, with their four horses and their chariots, this news is enthralling. But we should like to see them before we actually commit ourselves.

MR. HECTOR THOMSON, the amateur golf champion, has retired from the championship on account of ill-health. He is afraid that he may be unable to stand the strain of the tournament, and everyone will sympathise with him. The newspapers have been unanimous in recalling that Mr. R. T. Jones suffered tortures from indigestion while playing in big golf, and in the recent English Championship, Mr. L. G. Crawley was in a state of nerves in the final which prevented him from doing justice to his game. It is all very sad and unfortunate. But did anyone ever hear of Vardon, Braid, or Taylor suffering from an agony of nerves? Did Mr. John Ball shake and shiver in any of his eight victories in the Championship? It is true that in 1895 he popped his second shot into the Swilcan at the nineteenth hole against Mr. Leslie Balfour-Melville, but it is not on record that he said afterwards that his digestion was worrying him, or his nerves.

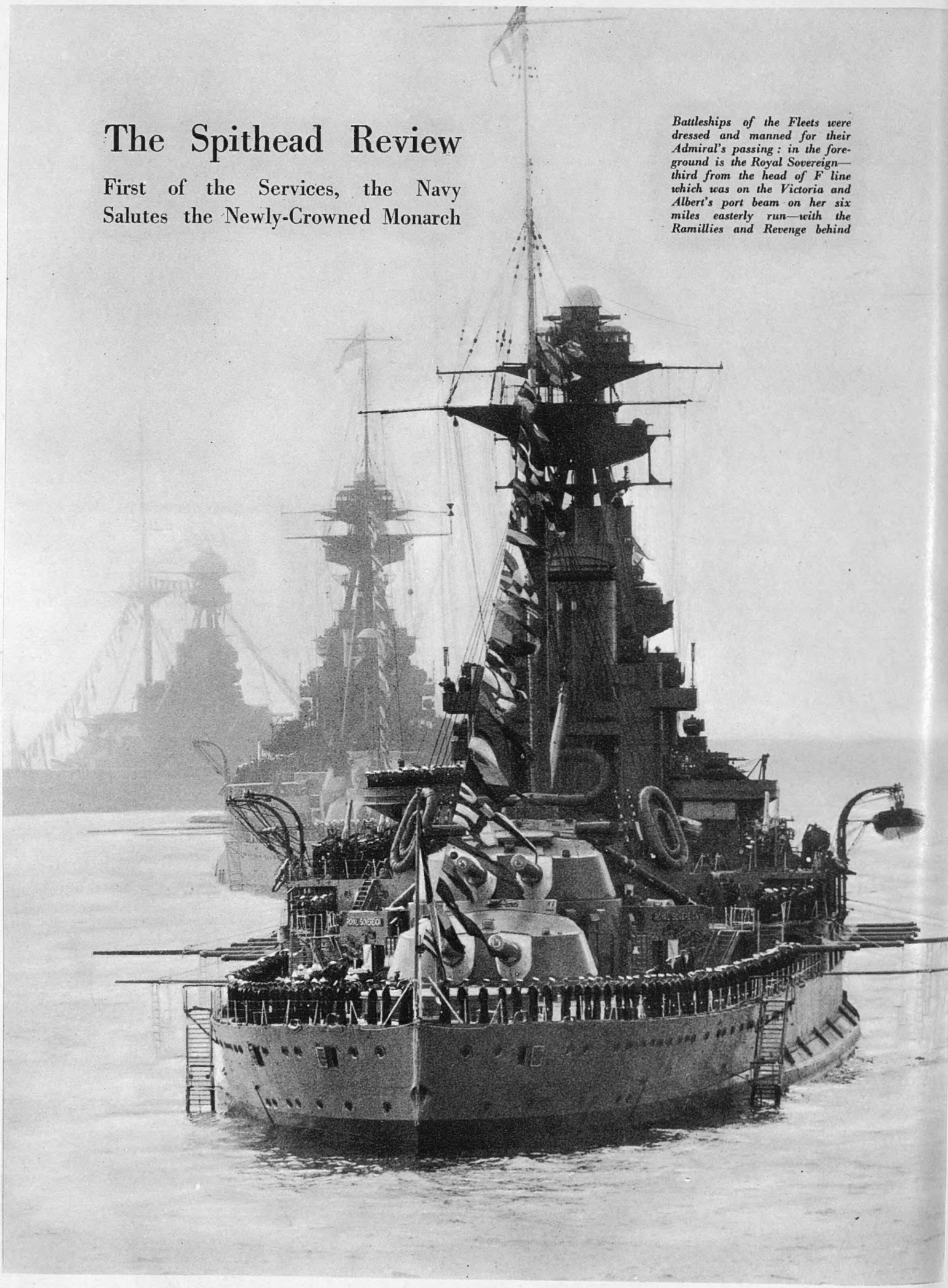
THE cricket season is in full swing, and what a dull season it is. The trouble about English cricket is that, for a moment, there is an absence of personalities. These things go in cycles. Sometimes there is a mass of picturesque figures; sometimes there is not. A pre-war generation knew Hirst, Rhodes, Jessop, Fry, Ranji, Jackson, Maclaren, J. T. Tyldesley, Blythe, Hutchings, Razor Smith, and many another cricketer who was a complete "draw" in himself. Nowadays, who is there? Hammond, certainly, and Verity perhaps, and Duckworth and Leyland. But no others.

BRITISH professional "Soccer" seems to be making a big effort, at long last, to rehabilitate itself upon the Continent. For too many years, these Continental tours have been regarded as a kind of picnic, and many defeats have lowered the prestige (whatever that means) of our football. The English team which has been touring Scandinavia made no mistake about its matches. It went out to win from the start, and it won very handsomely. The Scottish team in Central Europe has also swept the board. But then, one expects the Scots to win. They are so much better players than the English.

Below: The King, a sailor like his father, and the Queen received a rapturous welcome from the craft off Portsmouth—battleship to outboard motor-boat, and all dressed—when his Majesty reviewed the massed might of his Navy

The Spithead Review

First of the Services, the Navy Salutes the Newly-Crowned Monarch



Battleships of the Fleets were dressed and manned for their Admiral's passing: in the foreground is the Royal Sovereign—third from the head of F line which was on the Victoria and Albert's port beam on her six miles easterly run—with the Ramillies and Revenge behind

Above: The review of the Fleet Air Arm took place immediately after the Victoria and Albert had come to anchor between the Nelson and the New York, the aircraft flying over in faultless diamond-shaped squadrons of nine. In the foreground is the New Zealand Division ship, Leander, whose captain, Capt. James Rivett-Carnac, was presented to the King. Further back, to the right, is the Iron Duke

Right: Like two chalk lines across the decks, the Royal Marines awaited the moment of salute, while the sailors manned the deck rails. This picture was taken aboard the Glorious; beyond can be seen the Royal Yacht which has just passed between the Cardiff (nearest to the camera) and the Japanese Asigara

Doctor Erich Salomon

Reception at the Austrian Legation

This coffee-and-liqueur stage picture at the host—Baron Franckenstein—on the left, and Herr Hornbostel, Under-Secretary reception was in honour of the

Left: listening to Herr Richard Tauber at the Austrian Minister's reception were Princess Helena Victoria, Herr Guido Schmidt, Princess Marie Louise, Lady Inskip, Sir Thomas Inskip and the Duchess of Sutherland; in the next row can be seen Lady Anglesey (leaning forward) and next to her Mrs. Bingham and the Duke of Sutherland; behind them are Mrs. Ronald Greville and Mr. and Mrs. Oswald Birley

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

THAT most public-spirited of our great hostesses, the Duchess of Sutherland, asked six hundred of the Government's distinguished guests—and only four hundred of her many friends—to her great ball for the King and Queen. This event followed on her reception and garden party at Sutton, their lovely Elizabethan house in Surrey, filled with their pictures from Trentham, Lillieshall and Stafford House. It was horridly cold and the dowagers came well muffled up. The notables had sit-down tea in the enormous dining-room. I liked best the Nigerian prince, dressed in sapphire-blue with a tall turban hat, his prime minister holding a gold umbrella as large as those over café tables in foreign parts. The Papal Envoy was being looked after by the Granards, and everyone pretended successfully that the sun shone.

No Hint of Fatigue

To open the Ball, H.M. the Queen danced a fox-trot with the Duke of Sutherland, the King being partnered by the Duchess. For the next dance, which everyone joined in, the band played "I 've got you under my skin," probably the most popular dance number of the day.

Royalty entered the supper-room in formation, the Delegates supping in an adjoining room at the same time.

Scraps of information about this all-important party include the fact that her Majesty danced with Prince Olaf of Norway, and a Viennese waltz with Prince Frederick of Prussia, that Queen Mary stood and talked to various people without a hint of fatigue from ten-thirty until the guests adjourned for supper an hour-and-a-half later, and the diamond corsage worn by the Marchioness of Londonderry was the most imposing in the room; that the high jewelled crown (as opposed to a tiara) worn by the Grand Duchess of Hesse (formerly Princess Cécile of Greece) was so impressive that many guests mistook her for her cousin, the Duchess of Kent, and finally that there was not one person there whom one was surprised to see among so distinguished a gathering.

At the Austrian Legation . .

THE most dazzling and socially congested evening began for some of us with the thrilling voice of Tauber in the crowded L-shaped drawing-room of the Austrian Legation. The statesmen came up late from their cigars below and others arrived from the State Banquet, all in uniforms and orders (with palms). Princess Chichibu's jewels attracted attention, so did the Papal Envoy, so magnificent in his red robes we felt he must be a cardinal, as he talked to Lady Anglesey (in flame-coloured chiffon draped over grey). Princess Alice, who rivals the Duchess of Kent in her dress-sense, wore a fine order and the many Royals moved about the supper room afterwards. It was pleasant finding that brilliant Frenchwoman, the Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld—seen again at the State Ball. Many young-marrieds were present, and mothers, like Ladies Enniskillen and Gainsborough, brought their daughters.

. . The German Embassy . .

SOME bold spirits went on to the German Embassy, thus pulling off a social double, and reported that though everyone talked during Leider's singing, it was a gorgeous affair and none more gorgeous than Lady Londonderry in front, in black and vast diamonds. The Kents did not look a bit tired—it is something to have such a young Royal Family in a season like this though a far-away look could be seen in the eyes of some of the dowagers, who were not in training for such a succession of late nights.

. . And the Dutch Legation

MANY of the guests at the splendid ball at the Dutch Legation given for Princess Juliana attended Covent Garden earlier in the evening for one of Dr. Furtwängler's "Ring" performances that have excited music-lovers. Lady Cambridge, who wore a tiara and heirloom brooch, entertained in the Royal Box a party including Mrs. Ormond Lawson-Johnston, Lady Jowett shared a box with Mrs. Farquharson of Invercauld, Lady Ossory paid a visit to Lady Cunard, with whom sat Lady Max Müller, Lady Alexandra Haig looked lovely in the foyer in a flounced lilac tulle dress and pearl tiara, Mr. William Gerhardi threw bon mots carelessly about, Mr. James Smith, an opera director, listened patiently to comments, and Mrs. Lawrence Townsend, Washington's music hostess, was in Lady Esher's box with Lord Enniskillen's daughter, Lady Frances Cole.

The ball was very crowded, and it was the first time we had seen the Ladies of the Court in their new Order, a pale-blue bow with an E in diamonds, copied from an order of Good Queen Bess, though the Duchess of Northumberland, one of the best-lookers there, had substituted a miniature of the Queen in diamonds. Many left early as they had to rise at dawn for Spithead. Lady Anglesey brought her youngest, Lady Rose Paget, Prince Gustave Adolphe and his pretty wife came from Clarence House, Princess Juliana and the other Royalties, also the hungry opera-goers, supped at the two elaborate buffets, as there was no sit-down meal.

Burglars' Big Week

WHEN Quaglino gave away super-attractive covers for his menus on Coronation night (blue velvet with a pinned-on gold crown), he surely never expected that one of those crowns would be among the treasures stolen by burglars from Lord Donegall's flat during the following week-end! They also took four suit-cases packed with clothes and overlooked a Cartier note-book!

On the same evening, a gloved cat-burglar scaled a wall into Lady Milbanke's bedroom in St. John's Wood and decamped with a considerable haul of valuables.

Two Indefatigable Chairmen

No better party ever happens than the Derby Ball in aid of the maternity ward of the Royal Northern Hospital.

Doctor Erich Salomon

Austrian Legation's reception shows the Lord Bessborough, Mr. Winston Churchill for Foreign Affairs in Vienna. The Austrian delegation to the Coronation

Reception at the German Embassy

On the same post-Coronation evening as the Austrian reception, the French and German Embassies held parties in honour of their delegations. Frau Frida Leider sang at the latter: listening to her in the front row are Mme. Régis de Oliveira, the Archduchess of Hessen und bei Rhein, cousin of the Duchess of Kent, who is sitting next to her, and the host, Herr Joachim von Ribbentrop

This year this event is down for May 31st at Grosvenor House.

You will hear Libby Holman, who has come over specially to appear, and you will see the incomparable De Marcos, and Lady Milbanke and Mrs. James Field, who have worked indefatigably as separate chairmen in other years, have now joined forces and hope, with justification, for a very great success.

When, Where and With Whom?

AMONG those enjoying Florence Desmond's extraordinarily clever imitations at the San Marco the other evening were Lord and Lady Charles Cavendish, who were with the Gilbert Millers and the latter's father, Mr. Jules Bache. Details of Lady Charles' imminent film career are not available up to date, but the rumour is provocatively entertaining, and everyone wants to know when, where, and who with her first film is to be made.

Bed, Beer and Baggage

WHEN we finally arrived at Le Touquet, we happened on a typical early morning scene in any French casino town.

An Englishman's bedroom had been ransacked by the usual hotel thief, a lonely night porter was endeavouring, single-handed: A, to persuade the manager to get up; B, the police to come and help; C, to deal out bedroom keys, send up bottles of water to thirsty gamblers; D, to send up our luggage, etc.

Everyone's Idea of Heaven

THE Casino was perfect, not a seat at any table, in the bar or anywhere else; not a breath of air, scarcely a chance of a drink from those much-harassed waiters. It was just everyone's idea of Heaven, whichever way the bancos went.

There was no really rowdy English table, and we missed the usual high spirits who rag the croupiers, demoralise the whole convention, and lose a packet with a laugh and do everything to preserve the idea of "mad dogs and Englishmen!"

Husbands in Attendance

THE late luncheon hour at the Hermitage is one of the best moments of the day. Here you will find the longest communal table in the restaurant occupied by later and later arrivals of the same party.

Lady Feversham, Lady Stavordale and Mrs. Swartz, hatless, pretty young-marrieds with husbands in attendance, Lady Long in sensible golfing clothes, playing "because she had been up so late," Mrs. Kellet, whose new centre-parted coiffeur is a great success, emphasising her charming retroussé nose.

We liked her old-fashioned ruby ornaments, worn at night with an ultra-simple blue brocade dress.

Mid-day is surely a record at which to terminate the gambling session of the night before. Yet a few hardy spirits survived until then over the Whitsun week-end. One high and one low table were the scenes of this tardy animation, and a Casino in broad daylight with people consuming eggs and bacon within the sacred precincts of the rope, is a sight to be remembered.

MISS PEEPS

The Heart of Empire Ball

The Bishop of Barking was talking to Earl and Countess Beatty; they were married this month—she was Mrs. Dorothy Power Sands. The ball was at Grosvenor House, in aid of the Docklands Settlements and had Mrs. Gerard Leigh as chairman

The Mayor of Westminster's Dinner

Distinguished Coronation visitors have been from social pillar to post: another function in their honour was the dinner given by the Mayor of Westminster (the Hon. Arthur Howard), who is talking to the Sultan and Sultana of Johore

On Board the Government Chartered Liners off Portsmouth

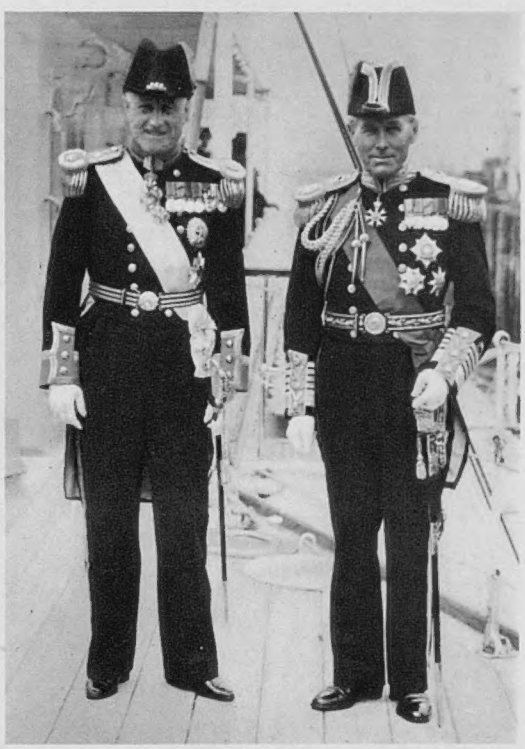
Lord Lisburne was on board the Vandyck for the review and took his yachting cap and his debutante daughter, Lady Honor Vaughan

Lord Redesdale and the Hon. Unity Mitford, fourth of his six daughters, were on the Strathmore. His fifth daughter, Jessica, had married Esmond Romilly in Bayonne the day before

Photographed while watching the illuminations on board the Strathmore were Lady Mount Temple, Mrs. Winston Churchill and Baron Franckenstein

The King Received Foreign Admirals on His Quarter-Deck

The Review : Personal Angle



Sir Samuel Hoare and Sir Ernle Chatfield

On the left is his Majesty greeting Rear-Admiral Kobayashi, of the Japanese ship Asigara. He also received members of the Board of Admiralty, officers of Home, Mediterranean and Dominions Fleets, masters of the merchant navy and skippers of the fishing fleet, on some of whom he conferred honours. Above, on board the Enchantress, are the First Lord of Admiralty, who was Minister in Attendance, and the First Sea Lord

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 21

Harry Richman

ALTHOUGH he is taller and heavier than Lord Beaverbrook; although he prefers a tall hat to a soft black one; although his life is night-clubs, which are Lord Beaverbrook's pet abomination, there is a curious resemblance between the latter and Harry Richman. And, apparently, I am by no means the first person to notice it. Each has a peculiarly wide face, and a resonant voice which grows oddly louder towards the end of a sentence. Both have wide cheek bones, a dynamic vitality, an admirable gift of repartee, and both are fascinated by flying. True, Lord Beaverbrook's interest is comparatively recent, while Harry Richman has over 6000 hours to his credit, together with a couple of Transatlantic flights. But still, if Lord Beaverbrook were a slightly younger man the thrill of becoming a pilot would have proved irresistible.

BUT about Harry. It was as an orphan at the age of thirteen that he picked up a street fiddler as a partner, and as one of "the Two Wonder Boys" secured his first professional engagement at a theatre for coloured people in Chicago. Unfortunately, his partner, Buddy Remington, got stage fright at the rolling white eyes of the negro audience, and the curtain had to be rung down hurriedly towards the end of their very first performance. For some months, however, the act clung together, Harry playing the piano and Buddy the violin at one-horse cinemas. Finally they parted company at Salt Lake City, and Harry started on his own as a single turn, though occasionally doubling. As time went on he improved, and for a year and a half was partnered by Mae West herself. He also teamed up with Nova Bayes. Still he had not discovered that he had a voice. Indeed, he gave up the show business altogether and became a travelling salesman in ladies' underwear for a whole year. But the stage claimed him again, and this time he started to sing as well as play the piano, while his partner changed her dress. Finally radio started, and it was the heartfelt query voiced in a new lyric called "Does the Spearmint Lose Its Flavour on the Bedpost Overnight" which sticks out as the turning-point of his career. The publicity of the radio enabled him to start the Club Richman on 56th Street. It was a huge success. Then he starred in George White's *Scandals*, following up with the last of Ziegfeld's Follies, and making pictures like *Puttin' on the Ritz*, among other successes. To-day he owns successful restaurants as far apart as Florida and New York; dislikes talkative women; collects ivory, walking-sticks and guns; knows more about his throat than many throat doctors; spent £40,000 on flying last year, but intends genuinely to try a flight across the North Pole; likes to remember that he gave Joan Crawford her first start; likes to forget that he was married for barely twelve months; recalls briefly that he was in the U.S. Navy for the period of the war and a bit over; likes cornbeef hash, spats, biographies, fishing and swimming; and is incidentally getting £500 a week at the Café de Paris.

The Theatre

"The Good Fairy" (Royalty)

Is there not somewhere in Scott a pleasing story of how the mighty blade of Richard Cœur-de-Lion succeeds only in crushing a silken cushion which the puny scimitar of the wily Saladin neatly cleaves in twain? Mighty intellects sweeping down on the new Molnar comedy at the Royalty may well suffer a similar humiliation. Ten to one they will be baffled by an entertainment that their puny-minded inferiors seem to enjoy without difficulty. The reason will be that they are swiping through the darkness of a bad translation at the non-resistant figure of a Hungarian Dunsany, a slightly improper Barrie, a soulful Coward. This figure is non-resistant because it is non-existent: Molnar's line of country in this piece is much more nearly that of Anita Loos in that now almost forgotten sensation, *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*.

The blonde in this case is a chit who has reached the Rubicon of a "chambre privée" at a fashionable hotel without having made up her mind whether the President of the Meat Trust, who is providing the champagne and the flowers, is a fish big enough to make the crossing worth her while. Assuredly, he is rich and lavish and ardent, but is he "quite a gentleman," is he even as much of a gentleman as the drunken Cabinet Minister who blunders into the supper party and cannot be made to understand that she is a respectable lady surprised in the course of a rare indiscretion? For in order to delay the decision Lu has pretended that she is the wife of a lawyer. The lavish Konrad offers to give her husband work that will make him rich, and Lu picks out a lawyer's name from the telephone book.

It is at this point that the story becomes a trap for the over-subtle. Lu begins to talk of herself to the waiter, an old flame of hers, as a good fairy bringing riches to some unknown and possibly needy attorney, and (so clumsy is the translation) it is possible to imagine that Molnar is indeed after the same kind of character that Arnold Bennett tried for in *The Pretty Lady*—a fille de joie who feels herself to be a mystic envoy succouring and assuaging the afflictions of men. And when the lawyer appears as one of those innocent, down-at-heels little men from whom W. J. Locke used to squeeze profitable tears, bewildered and happy to find riches and romance flooding his shabby, untidy office, and touched to child-like ecstasy by the arrival of a huge mechanical pencil sharpener, it becomes easier than ever to read into the vaguenesses of the sentimental dialogue a tangle of fantastic meanings which the story does nothing to unravel. The unsophisticated who see Lu not as a self-convinced sprite, but as a disingenuous gold-digger, are the play's proper public. For them there is agreeable pathos when President Konrad, having at the last moment been cheated by the tantalising Lu, withdraws his patronage from the little lawyer, shattering the happiness brought by the "good fairy," and for them the last act, pointless to the over-subtle, surprisingly shows how well the artless Lu managed her affairs. The acting, though embarrassed by the polysyllabic, old-fashioned dialogue, is pleasant, with Diana Beaumont decorative, Henry Oscar child-like, and Ralph Truman bovine.

A. V. C.

Sketches by Rouson

Above: sharpening a pencil: Henry Oscar and Elizabeth Greenhill

Left: the Good Fairy: Diana Beaumont

Right: amorous meat-packer and Minister of futility are not amused: Garry Marsh and Ralph Truman

Norman Parkinson

Francis Bruguiere

Maker of a Photographic Mural for the British Pavilion in the Paris Exhibition

Bruguiere is one of the most brilliant and original men experimenting with photography. He is an artist working in a mechanical medium; both technically and in conception his work has a pioneer quality, sometimes even a surrealist one. He was one of the early moving-picture makers and experimenters in photo-montage. For the Paris Exhibition he is using a new method of processing photo-murals for the huge mural, fifty feet high, which Oliver Hill, the architect, has included in his scheme of decoration for the British Pavilion. The mural shows scenes of the British countryside, with twenty-feet-high figures of various typical characters superimposed and jutting out from the background. Norman Parkinson, who is responsible for the figures, searched the country for the perfect "sitters"; on the left are some of them—policeman, dairymaid, Scottish piper, shepherd, fisherman, farmer, Yeoman of the Guard, Welsh girl. Bruguiere himself was photographed sitting inside the model of the ramp which will take the mural

Good Queen Besses

Lady Oxford and Asquith's Impersonation at the Coronation Costume Ball

Yvette Pienne in a Guitry Film

Yvette Pienne went over to Paris to play Queen Elizabeth in Sacha Guitry's new historical film, "Les Perles de la Couronne"

Anthony

Douglas Byng's Cabaret Impersonation of Good Queen Bess

Portrait by Zucchero

Zucchero's portrait of Queen Elizabeth was exhibited in the Royal Treasures Exhibition which closed ten days ago, and was lent by the Hon. Mrs. Clive Pearson

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

PERHAPS the most improving public spectacle of the past fortnight was the impeccable military deportment of the twenty-four-hour King's Guard supplied by the Australians for the Palace, following the Canadians and preceding the New Zealanders and South Africans. Remembering the many stories of the War involving the cheery democratic habits of the average Australian soldier—especially his uncompromising attitude towards brass-hats, whom he never really got on with—some of the Old Brigade lay about in club armchairs in a state of purple suspense, prepared for the worst. But no Australian sentry gratified them by leaning against the Palace railings when bored and lighting a cigarette, or giving some passing Personage of Immense Importance a casual nod or a jovial wink instead of his due salute, or chucking passing maidens under the chin, by infringing in any way the military code. They were as smart and machine-like as anybody, and a fine body o' men too.

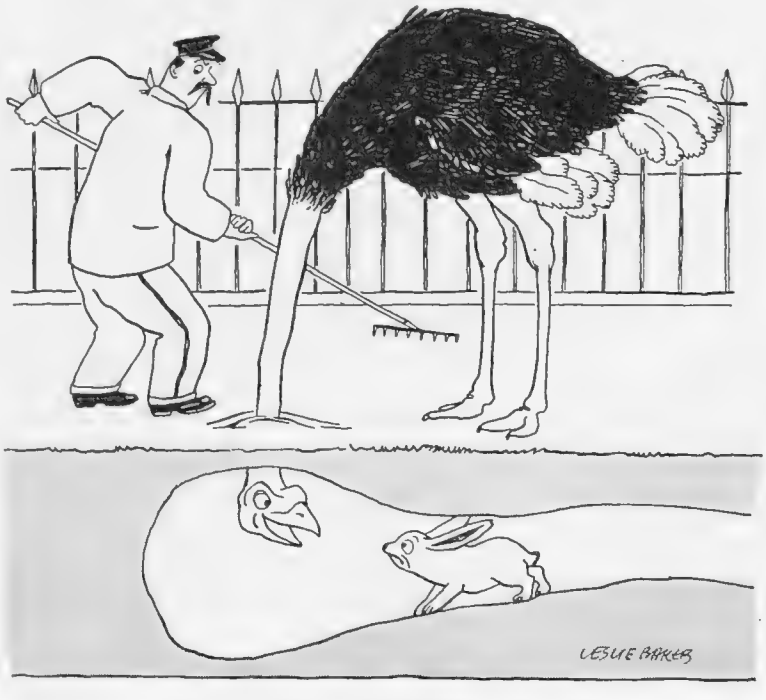
These troops being the pick of the entire Australian army, nobody but strabismic elderly warriors with cirrhosis would ever have expected anything else from them but perfect behaviour, military or civil. The diggers who occasionally scandalised military purists during the War were mostly sons of the Open straight off the sheep-ranges who 'd probably never taken an order from anybody in their lives before, and whose refusal to be impressed by glittering popinjays from Brigade or Division or to take seriously the thousand and one petty grinding idiocies of the military system was perfectly sincere, not to say, enviable. It was rather naughty of them to bust up half Cairo, perhaps, and the Etaples incident might have been less vivacious; but, after all, the chaps merely had the defects of their qualities, like those tough gunners of Napoleon's Army of Italy who reinforced their demands for overdue back pay at Mantua by turning their batteries on their own generals, prepared to scupper the lot. Such, as some commentator or other has remarked, is the temperament of heroes, and who but a pedant could complain?

Cry for Feathers

IT 'S still a matter for debate whether the Australians on parade worked more havoc among female hearts than the thirty-five Canadian Mounties, every one a more bronzed and dashing Clark Gable, every one in scarlet coat, yellow-striped breeches, and leather leggings, with a Colt in his holster. (Guns unloaded, which must have made most of the Mounties feel naked.) One feels the authorities should make them feel a bit more at home before they leave by letting them loose after one or two of the big Bad Men we have in London. Nothing would delight the populace more than to see these stalwarts picking up the trail near some fashionable restaurant and finally riding down their man in his luxurious hide-out in Threadneedle Street. His screams would be rather pleasant, too.

Lowest marks for decorative value go to our own domestic rank and file, whose new Duff Cooper blue is worthy rather than eyefilling. Sooner or later the War Office will have to explain publicly that those shiny belt-things worn diagonally belong to the Corps of Commissionaires exclusively. In the opinion of many, the Australian emu tufts strike an ideal martial note. Like Hector, all heroes should wear clumps of feathers on their heads, tossing in the breeze and adding a note of quiet distinction. Those waving heron-plumes made even the Imperial General Staff look pretty heroic, and if Mr. Duff Cooper had only topped his blue uniforms with a slouch hat and a whacking great plume of ostrich feathers, plain or coloured, our troops could have ruffled it with the most exotic visitors. If pink ostrich feathers were good enough for Napoleon's Marshals they 're good enough for any Line regiment, and that goes for tiger-skin cloaks and red leather boots as well.

Soldiers should be gay and gaudy, like General Pershing, U.S.A., whose self-designed Coronation uniform of blue, plastered thick with gold oak-leaves, was universally admired by the British populace, despite the japes and criticisms of his own countrymen; and like the troops of Monaco, whose decorations were mostly won in the French Army during the War, but whose gloriously *chamarré* uniforms, admired by all, are the idea of some truly military mind inspired by Riviera sunshine. Think also of the superb uniform Michaelangelo designed for the Papal Guard—unfortunately these could not accompany the Papal Envoy—and ask yourself why Mr. Duff Cooper missed a chance.



"Ssh, don't tell him where I am"

Lavender and Old Iron

ONE of the many interesting exhibits in the 1837-1937 Exhibition at the Bodleian, open all summer, is a Great Western time-table of 1845 showing that the journey from Oxford to London ninety years ago

took exactly the same time as it does now, namely, an hour and 20 minutes. It cost Newman and Keble and the other Oxford Movement bigwigs, when they travelled to town, three shillings less than it costs us proud children of the Age of Speed; which in its way is as pleasant and quiet a little lampoon on Progress as one could think of. A similar state of affairs existed till quite recently on the Paris-St. Germain line, a journey of just over half an hour in the days of Louis-Philippe and ever since; though now, we believe, those smart electric trains of the État have cut the time down somewhat.

The Great Western should never mess about with this cosy Oxford journey, a link with a happier England. Apart from its memories, the speed is just about right. Nothing seems more senseless to us than those glittering new streamlined trains whizzing fat red business men to the North like a shot from a gun, taking them (to adapt Matthew Arnold's crack) from a dismal, illiberal life in London to a dismal and illiberal life in Glasgow. Yes, we know the answer—such trains save business men time. To which we always reply innocently: "Save them time for what?" We can never get any come-back to that worth mentioning, possibly because there isn't any.

Formula

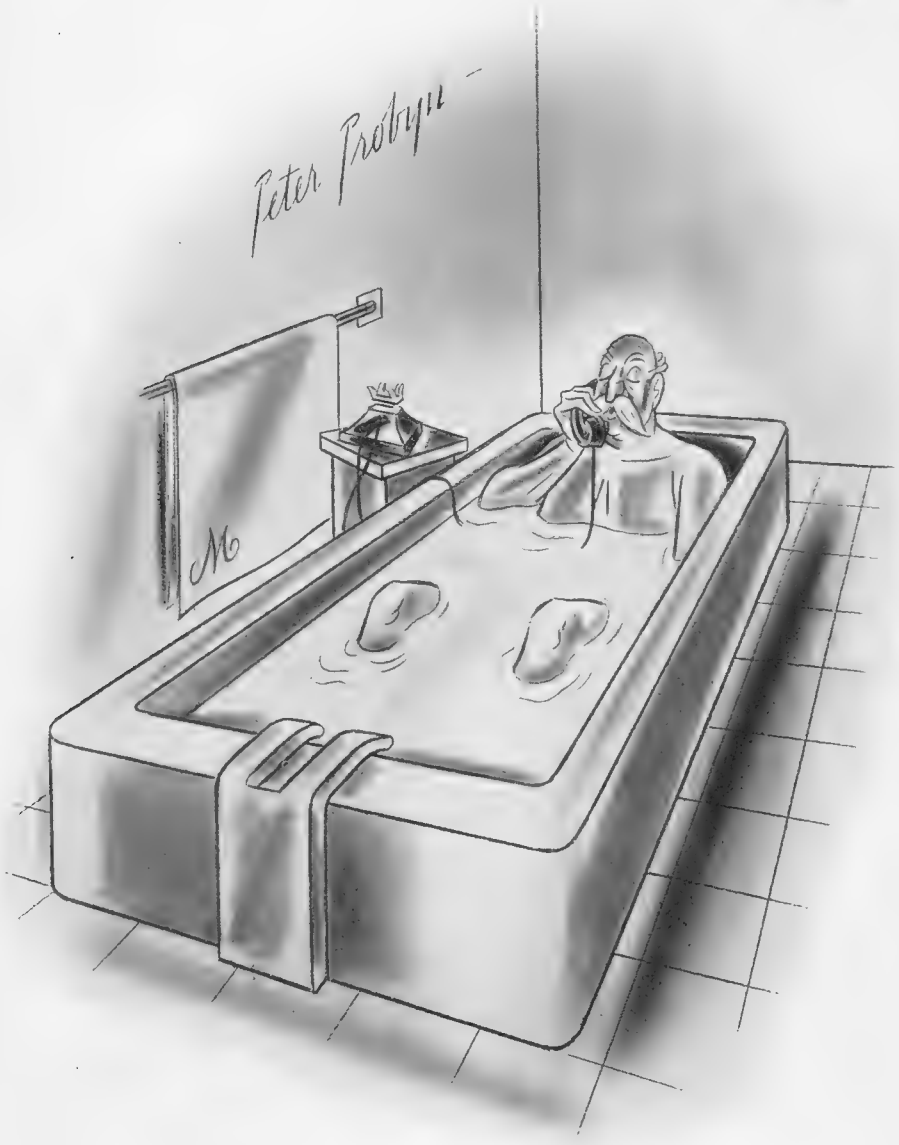
We didn't half grimace in a sympathetic way when we came across the case of the naval gunner who was charged at Devonport the other day with acting to the prejudice of good order and naval discipline by bringing two women aboard a destroyer and allowing

"Still angry with me, duckums?"

them to spend the night there. Because the incident directly involves the Great Naval Problem over which many dramatic and screen authors have unavailingly torn their miserable hair.

The problem is this: that though every musical play, comedy, or film with a naval plot is an admitted sure-fire box-office hit in advance, you have to have at least one beautiful girl aboard the battleship, destroyer, or submarine concerned when it goes to sea, and how the devil are you to get and keep her there? How Ian Hay and King-Hall did it in *The Midshipmaid* we forget; but it has been done by simple smuggling, by a fancy-dress ball mix-up, by disguises (deliberate), and by other unsubtle devices, all however causing great fun and laughter and giving a leading lady a chance to do her stuff with peppery admirals and comic stokers alike. How the authors of a recent Hollywood submarine drama got the girl not only aboard but submerged twenty fathoms, we utterly forget also, but we seem to remember her among the machinery as large as life, exchanging tense back-chat with her lover at the bottom of the sea. They certainly didn't have her slung aboard with the stores, either.

The obvious way out of a maze of debate and misery is for authors in future to have the simple courage to leave the girl out of the story altogether, but few authors are rich or powerful enough to suggest this. We shall never forget our surprise and delight—to cite a parallel case—when the stage-play, *Journey's End*, turned out to have no winsome girls in the front line trenches whatsoever. We shouldn't mind betting Mr. Sherriff had a bit of a struggle over



"Er — Bascombe, bring me my celluloid goldfish"

this with the Hollywood boys when the time came for filming. Happily he had made quite a lot of money by then.

Pioneer

APROPOS of such Service problems, the Home Fleet's anchorage off Southend is felt in many influential quarters to be a decent tribute to James (" Boss ") Agate, to whose public-spirited labours and self-sacrifice we owe the discovery of Southend and its rapid rise to fame. It is generally believed in the town that the Boss ordered the Fleet round himself before starting for New York, where he now is, but we have his authority for denying this, with all due modesty. He has never presumed to dictate to the Admiralty, even during the late War, and it is a principle with him never to interfere with the running of the Services on any pretext.

This *démenti* will have no effect on the inhabitants of Southend, who will, as usual, dance round the floodlit Agate Statue on the sea-front—a statue constantly mistaken by strangers for Queen Victoria's—this week, and in many other ways combine Coronation revelry with their annual affectionate tribute to their great founder. It may be that one of the bigger battleships, Nelson, Royal Sovereign, or Rodney, may provide a guard of honour. " We feel," said a high Admiralty official to us the other day, " that though the Boss has unfortunately been called away to New York on business we can still render him what honours are possible. It is likely that the Navy may take part in a pageant of Southend's history, showing how the town has risen from the wretched group of fever-stricken mud huts huddled above high-water mark it was ten years ago, before the Boss discovered it, to its present splendour as the Venice of the Thames Estuary. It wouldn't be a bad idea either to leave a couple of good battleships behind, when the Fleet leaves, for the Boss's personal use. This has not yet been decided."

He added that they did not wish to clash in any way with the celebrations in New York, where Boss Agate landed for the first time some days ago. The Southend municipality is associating itself with these festivities by sending a cable, " MOTHER SOUTHEND JOINS NEW YORK IN GREETINGS TO GREAT DISCOVERER STOP ALL THE WORLD WILL BE HEARING OF YOU BEFORE LONG STOP CONGRATULATIONS END MESSAGE."

Big Boy

EASILY the most impressive party held during Coronation Week, looking back on it, must have been the Clan McLeod " at home " in the ancient castle of Dunvegan in Skye, where McLeods from everywhere assembled at the bidding of Flora Mrs. McLeod of McLeod, their present chief. Dunvegan displays what Boswell calls a " rude magnificence." He and Dr. Johnson had a good time there in 1773, when it was still the rule for each successive McLeod chieftain to empty Rorie More's Horn — a huge silver-rimmed cow's horn holding over a bottle and a-half of claret — at one draught, to show he was a man and a Scot. This probably sounds a bigger feat than it actually was, eighteenth century wine-bottles being smaller than modern ones, like eighteenth-century tea-cups; but it must still have been a good hairy trick out of the ordinary, and essentially barbarous by any wine-lover's standard. Whether any modern McLeod, even one from America, can perform it we have no information. Only a picturesque figure like Black Archibald Macdonell of Macdonell, whose own ancient tribal custom it is to quaff champagne from six full fire-buckets without taking breath, afterwards sending round the Fiery Cross and raising every clan within reach and hell's delight generally, could face the prospect with equanimity.

We don't know incidentally if Macdonell has included in his forthcoming book on Scotland a rather amusing incident which happened some years ago when he assumed the chieftaincy. Having drained his six ritual buckets of Pol Roger at a draught he rang for the majordomo and said " Send round the Fiery Cross, please, Parkinson." Within an hour the faithful henchman returned and said, " Excuse me, sir, but nobody feels much like rising to-night except the Laird of Drumwearie, Mr. N. Sonnenschwein, and the Laird of Quairwhoopit, Mr. Xerxes P. Van Spoopendyke. Both gentlemen are getting into their kilts and will be round directly for the usual stirrup-cup of stag's-blood, which, with your permission, sir, I am serving iced." Damning both eager chieftains very bitterly, Black Archibald at once caught the Night Scot from Inverness and returned to Ciro's.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" What d'yer mean, 'only just looking'? "

Films of the Day

For Music Lovers : By George Campbell

A WRITER generally specialises. You don't expect a *Crime and Punishment* from Mr. P. G. Wodehouse, or a *Postman Always Rings Twice* from Mr. Denis Mackail, or a *Trail of '98* from Miss Berta Ruck. Stage producers, too, stick as a rule to one line—Shakespeare or drawing-room comedy or song-and-dance stuff. Only the film director is supposed to be able to do everything. That is why you find Lothar Mendes turning his hand to things as different as that brilliant tale of adventure under African skies, *The Four Feathers*, the hair-raising realism of *Payment Deferred*, with its pathetic little suburban murderer, and now the exploitation of a famous pianist's personality and art in *Moonlight Sonata*.

Moonlight Sonata is built around Paderewski—and a picturesque figure he is, with his leonine head, shaggy mane of hair and strongly marked features. Mr. Mendes had to promise all sorts of things before the great man would consent to face the camera—that conversation would not be superimposed on music in any shots of the audience's reactions, that every piece must be played to the end, or cut in its entirety, and so on. The result is a problem to the critic as it will be to the showman. For the musically-minded it should be a joy. Paderewski, at seventy-five, is still one of the world's great artists, and it is astonishing to see the sheer manual dexterity with which fingers long past the suppleness of youth reel off fireworks or caress the keys into delicate arabesques of sound. To a student the close-ups of the master's hands are fascinating; and the whole film is worth preserving as a museum piece of genuine historical value.

But entertainment? That is another matter. The picture starts with two reels—that is, twenty minutes—of M. Paderewski at the piano. Assuming that they are still in their seats, the majority who are indifferent to music, and the minority who actively dislike it, have barely time to rouse themselves from their coma before the stage fright of a pupil at a school concert gives an excuse for the maestro to play his minuet while two little girls tread a measure. I know the former Prime Minister of Poland won't regard his career as blighted if an ignoramous suggests that this particular composition sounds dull. Infernally dull. There is no need to praise the Moonlight Sonata, or M. Paderewski's brilliant playing of it at the end of the film; but I can't help wondering how many will be there to hear it.

The story is simple—perhaps a little too simple. The great thing about being an artist, the pianist tells his friends, is not the applause, though that is naturally agreeable, but the influence you sometimes have on people's lives. And you see how the veteran pianist was able to save a young girl from a bad mistake by simply sitting still and playing the piano—something that younger men should try to remember. He is flying over the Baltic when his 'plane has to make a forced landing on an island. With a fellow passenger—a gigolo named Mario—he is welcomed at a castle whose chatelaine is Marie Tempest, and within five minutes the gigolo is busy breaking up the romance of pretty little Barbara Greene and Charles Farrell. His job is made easier by the honest-to-goodness admirer's suggestions that the girl is (a) losing her head, (b) making a fool of herself, and (c) bound to regret it later, none of which she accepts with the humility and patience that such a young man's wife would, I feel, be sure to need, sooner or later. In the end Miss Tempest deals with the adventurer, after which it only remains for M. Paderewski to play the theme song, and the lovers to fall into a clutch.

Moonlight Sonata has been produced with all the artistry one would expect from Mr. Mendes, the sets are faultless, the photography superb. The acting ranges from adequate to brilliant. Miss Tempest, without much to help her in the way of dialogue, succeeds in being subtly amusing and at times quite moving, all with the minimum of effort. Miss Greene looks decorative and acts very creditably, Mr. Farrell makes a likable hero, and Eric Portman scores something of a hit as the adventurer. I prophesy a bright future for him on the screen. Of M. Paderewski's acting I need only say that his impressive personality and magnificent playing (perfectly recorded) amply atone for rather laboured English and a leisurely tempo.

"SHALL WE DANCE?" struck some critics as the best Astaire-Rogers picture since *Top Hat*. I thought it one of the feeblest affairs since *The Great Train Robbery* of 1903. Apart from the dancing, that is. I know their fans will retort that one might as well consider *Hamlet* without the Prince, but the analogy will not stand. I am old-fashioned enough to believe that an essay in one art should be something more than an excuse for an exhibition of proficiency in another.

Dame Marie Tempest and Jan Paderewski in "Moonlight Sonata"

The stars of the film that had its premiere at the London Pavilion in Coronation Week were fittingly a Dame of the British Empire (this month's Honours) and an ex-President of Poland. Lothar Mendes has used all his skill in directing them in a film whose overwhelming theme is Paderewski's playing—joy for the musical and history for the musician. Faultless sets and sound reproduction, Charles Farrell, Barbara Greene and Eric Portman contribute to the performance

Max Beerbohm, by R. G. Eves, A.R.A.

Of Eves' three portraits in the Academy, considered by some the best of this year's work, E. V. Lucas said: "They are at once vigorous and delicate and the heads obviously contain more or less grey matter." But it seems that Beerbohm's grey matter is not going to expend itself further on a country whose development has driven him, a recluse, to Rapallo, whence he emerges only to regret Regent Street and other features of the post-hansom cab era. Last year he spoke for the first (and last?) time on the wireless and Clemence Dane's adaption of his *Happy Hypocrite* made a notable success at His Majesty's Theatre. Otherwise, silence from "Max." He will be sixty-five in August

Coronation Dress

Peter North

Viscountess Mountgarret

Lady Mountgarret's husband is the sixteenth holder of the Irish Viscounty; he sits in the House of Lords as Baron Mountgarret. She is the daughter of W. L. Christie, of Jervaulx Abbey, Yorkshire

Lord Craigavon, Prime Minister of Northern Ireland, with Lady Craigavon, drove in the eighth carriage of the Prime Ministers' Procession on Coronation Day

Lady Ravensdale is a baroness in her own right; the title is the only title of those bestowed on her father, Lord Curzon of Kedleston, which is not now extinct

Lady Cottenham is the wife of the sixth Earl. She was Venetia Taylor before her marriage in 1927; her father is Captain J. V. Taylor, of North Aston Manor, Oxford

Peter North

Viscount and Viscountess Craigavon

Catherine Bell

Baroness Ravensdale

Peter North

The Countess of Cottenham

Lenare

Gen. Sir Hubert Gough, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., K.C.V.O.

Sir Hubert Gough's Grand Cross of the Bath in the Coronation honours was welcomed by his Fifth Army and other supporters as a vindication after the smoulder that flared up last November. Enough was then said about his Army career, but little about General Gough's peace-time activities. Before the war, he was a professor of the Staff College for two years; since going on to retired pay with the rank of General in 1922, he has become the director of various engineering and electrical companies, and is on the Governing Board of St. Mary's Hospital. In 1931 his book, *The Fifth Army*, cast a stone into the troubled millpond of war controversy. He comes of a family whose name has been borne by many distinguished soldiers. He is the son of a V.C., the late Sir Charles Gough, and married the daughter of a soldier, Major-General H. C. Lewes; he has four daughters. Last year Gen. Gough was made Colonel of the 16th-5th Lancers, the 16th being his old regiment

This Looks Like Ski-ing—

Miss Diana de la Rue and Heinz von Almen, the famous guide, were just off on an expedition. She is the youngest daughter of Sir Evelyn de la Rue; her home in England is the wonderful old house, Normans, in Sussex

—This Looks Like the Seaside

Miss Toto Koopman and Miss Bridget Gilligan had let the sun win that morning, and were dressed quite definitely for sun-bathing and not for ski-ing. Miss Koopman is a Scheidegg regular and both of them have had a long snow-sport season this year

The Scheidegg Terrace Looked for All the

Believe It or Not . . .

The Best Whitsun Sun-Bathing Was Done by Ski-ers at Scheidegg

The trio on the right are Miss Virginia Watson, Mr. Eric Hatry and Miss Eleanor Henderson. Both the girls are Scottish — Virginia Watson from Ayrshire, and Eleanor Henderson from Dumbartonshire. Miss Henderson is engaged to Michael du Boulay

World Like a Fashionable Plage

Mrs. A. S. Butler was having tea with Mr. Jimmie Riddell; they are both well-known as ski-ers, especially Mrs. Butler, who is in the Olympic Class. She is also a well-known air pilot

Sceptical ones to whom May-time ski-ing sounds like a kind of mid-summer madness should have looked in on Kleine-Scheidegg over the Whitsun week-end. Though friendly cows peacefully chewed the cud hoof-deep in wild flowers on the fringe of the retreating snowline, conditions on the higher ground were superb. The large and lively assembly at the one and only hotel was headed by Christopher and Lady Jean Mackintosh, and included "young-marrieds" like the John Taylors. Eric Hatry, on his first day out, having been advised to keep to the "beaten track," decided to ski down the railway line, but came a nasty toss in a tunnel and afterwards stuck to quiet mountain walks, for which form of exercise he chose a pair of waterproof shorts (property of "Pops" d'Erlanger) and Robin Hood hat equipped with peasant's feather and embossed on one side with a gentian. The hat was a special Scheidegg model purchased on the spot from the famous shop

Scheidegg Shopkeeper

Frau Konzett Brunner is a pillar of Scheidegg; her shop is the only one there and sells everything from cuckoo-clocks to ski-wax in her "Bazar Bellevue"

Below: Mr. Billy Clyde kept sun-bathing company with Mrs. John Taylor. He spent the winter in Nassau as A.D.C. to Sir Bede Clifford

Mr. "Mouse" Cleaver and Mr. Hamar Bagnall are talking to Lady Jean Mackintosh. She and her husband went back to Scheidegg directly after seeing the Coronation procession

"Black Limelight"

An Intelligent Thriller at the St. James'

Inspector (George Merritt) to Mary Charrington (Margaret Rawlings): "Do you know your husband, always?"

Jemima (Ethel Coleridge) to Inspector: "You couldn't arrest a goldfish without 'andcuffin' it"

Below: Mary to Manfred: "The

Photographs by John Everard

Right: Mistress (Margaret Rawlings) and Lover (John Robinson): "Do you love me, Peter?"

"Not very much."

"Well, as much as you can for a man who sells refrigerators?"

Manfred (Lawrence Anderson):
"It's all right. I can see"

Wife (Margaret Rawlings) to Husband (John Robinson):
"This handkerchief? But this isn't the one you took with you"

Gordon Sherry's play came West after a successful two-weeks' opening at the "Q" Theatre. As well as thrills of the best spinal kind, it offers a singularly intelligent characterisation and plot. Time and place are changed with no regard to unity, but no loss to the action, the identity of the murderer is not doubtful, and on Margaret Rawlings rests most of the burden of suspense-maintenance. Her character as wife comes into the black limelight of a trial in which she frees her husband from the charge of murdering his shop-girl mistress, also played by Miss Rawlings. She regards it as the most dramatic part of her career, and so do the critics: they are unanimous that her acting ("on the curb") is superb. John Robinson plays the weak, likeable husband skilfully, and Lawrence Anderson plays the murderer murderously

...o can see in the dark!"

Below: "So you think I'm the killer, do you?"

Anton Dolin as the Poet, Markova as the Beloved One

The Students and the Grisettes: Frederic Frank

"The Beloved One"

Nijinska's Ballet Revived by the

The Poet and His Past Loves

Kathleen Crofton makes a great success as the Peasant Girl who once loved the Poet. Molly Lake appears as the femme fatale who destroyed the Poet's youth. She is one of the leading dancers of the company and has also arranged some dances for them, for example, in their "Grand Divertissement"

lin, Guy Massey, Prudence Hyman, Helen Forbes

Markova - Dolin Company

The Muse, the Beloved One, comes to console the Poet for his lost memories—and then Markova and Dolin dance one of the loveliest adagios in ballet, in which the poetry and grace of Markova's fluid movements and beautiful line are perfectly seen

Left: Teddy Haskell, Travis Kemp, Molly Lake, Anton Dolin and Keith Lester

The Beloved One is the most important addition to the Markova-Dolin Company's repertoire since they were last in London. The choregrapher is Nijinska who has been with the company since January as maîtresse de ballet and who has thus been responsible for the revival of both this work and "*Les Biches*." This modern romantic ballet gives Markova a rôle ideally suited to her. Dolin also gives a notable performance as the Poet, stage brother to the heroes of the *Symphonie Fantastique* and *Apparitions*. The music of *The Beloved One* is Schubert and Liszt arranged by Milhaud; décor and dresses are by Georg Kirsta. The four weeks' season at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, has now been extended until the middle of June

Miss Merle Oberon and One Ward Twin

Merle Oberon, in her boy's blazer and tie, attended to her face while the Hon. Eddie Ward attended to his cigar and coffee

The Other Ward Twin and Miss Florrie Owen

Florrie Owen, who 's not so different in type of looks from Merle Oberon, sat on the Hermitage terrace after lunch with the Hon. Geordie Ward. Sitting in the open air was only an out-of-the-wind pleasure

East Wind Whitsun at Le Touquet

The Grand Duke Dmitri and Lady Portarlington were out at the golf club, on one of the least Whitsun-like days

In the group above are Lord and Lady Stavordale, Lady Long, the Duke of Marlborough, and Lord Dudley

The busy-looking couple on the left are Sir Robert and Lady Renwick

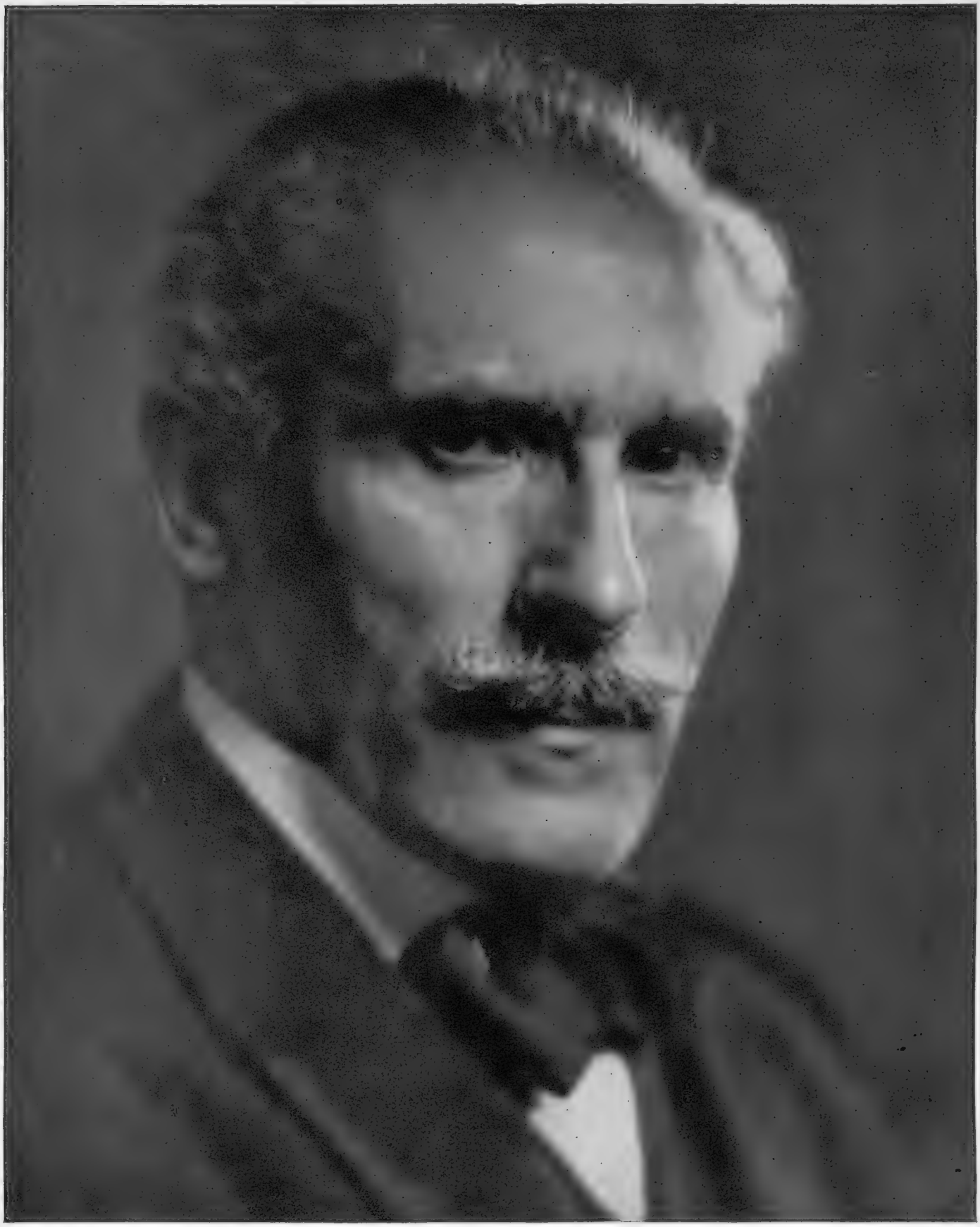
Right: another after-lunch snapshot at the Hermitage — of attractive Miss Susan Hambro and Mr. Pat Hanbury

TIME ☆

MELLOWED

Seagram's "V.O."

RARE OLD CANADIAN WHISKEY



Fayer of Vienna

Toscanini the Great

To-night takes place at the Queen's Hall the first of the widely interesting series of six concerts at which Signor Toscanini is conducting the B.B.C. Orchestra. Toscanini has been called the dictator of the kingdom of music; if not that, he is undoubtedly its most outstanding figure to-day — one of those rare beings whose names will surely be spoken by later generations with envy and awed respect. The absolute integrity of his genius earns him as universal a recognition among critics and professional musicians as his fame makes him a figure in the public eye. All tickets for his six London concerts were sold within thirty-six hours of their being available. Toscanini has not been in England since he conducted four concerts in the B.B.C.'s Music Festival of 1935; since then he has given up his conductorship of the New York Philharmonic (being succeeded by John Barbirolli). He was seventy in March

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"Bystander" Short Story No. 88

Disgusting Behaviour of Henry Magson

By Neil Bell

Illustration by C. F. Tunnicliffe

HENRY MAGSON, the famous novelist and playwright, was littleish physically, but in no other respect could "little" be said to apply to him. Everything else about him was big—heart, intellect, reputation, income, to name but a few attributes and possessions. Probably the only people who knew him who would have refused to subscribe to such a description of him were his wife and his three grown-up children.

He was one of those men who seem born to be milked. At the age of twenty-three, when he came up from his native Nottingham to London and almost at once began to be marked out by the knowledgeable as a coming man, he sent home regularly to his widowed mother and his six young brothers and sisters so large a share of his earnings that for a long while his frugal way of living and his rather threadbare appearance puzzled the rapidly-widening circle of his acquaintances and friends. They could not understand what he was doing with his money, for money in plenty he was certainly making.

BUT Henry Magson continued to go his own peculiar road. He presently wrote a novel which was acclaimed by the critics and read by a sufficiently large public to cause his publishers to rub their hands, his agent to put his newly-born son's name down for Eton, and the smaller fry among his fellow-scribes to sniff and say, "Pah! His star is setting; he's becoming popular."

He wrote three other equally successful novels and then turned his first one into a play which ran for so long in London that people began to confuse its name with those of patent medicines and breakfast cereals. He followed this with a second play which the most captious criticism was compelled to admit was not inferior to his first one.

And, rarest achievement of all, his novels and his plays were admitted by the most eminent critics to be both good literature and good entertainment. Yet with it all he remained the shy, reserved figure living sparely and in seclusion and dressing indifferently.

BUT, with all his increasing literary reputation and his prosperity, he remained more or less an unknown figure. And then he met Maude Bulmer when he was thirty-five and she was "of age," as their marriage certificate was to attest. Maude Bulmer, although she wrote minor verse and laid claim to title of poet, was a collector and one with illimitable ambitions. She collected books, pictures, knick-knacks and people, but especially people. But not ordinary people; only artistic ones. She was a tall, handsome blonde with flowing curves, a milk-white smooth skin, abundant hair, a fine nose, and a large mouth. She was accustomed to getting her way. Her loud, high-pitched voice, which seemed tireless, no doubt helped her, for most folk wilted under its menacing impact. She weighed Henry Magson in the balance, and although she found him wanting in many respects, he was supremely satisfactory in the most important of all attributes: his potentiality for eminence.

She decided to marry him. It was no difficult feat, for she had a voluptuous body from which emanated a warm, animal magnetism, and Henry, despite his shyness and reserve, was as sexually ardent as men of his great gifts are wont to be.

"Yes, those were his very words"

THEY were married, and Henry looked forward excitingly to long, delicious moments in her arms. But from the very beginning their love-making went awry and a barrier grew up between them. Certainly they occasionally surmounted it, and after four years of marriage Maude had so far succumbed to circumstance as to bear her husband three children—Pamela, David and Ursula.

After the birth of their last child, their love-making grew increasingly rarer. They presently occupied separate beds and then separate rooms, and their conjugal life in its intimate sense ended. And as an outlet for the baulked natural flow of desire, Maude turned to her three children; Henry to a yet closer application to his work.

But if she had abandoned Henry as a lover, she had by no means abandoned him as a Great Man. He was her husband, and she was determined he should be worthy of that position. With her tremendous drive she thrust and shoved him into the glare of publicity, using her dominating personality and, if necessary, his purse and reputation, until by the time the three children were emerging from their teens Henry Magson had become the man she had planned—tremendously rich, tremendously famous, tremendously successful. If at first he struggled, his struggles were unavailing, and presently he ceased to care and surrendered himself to her ambitions. It must be admitted that she did not altogether play fair,

(Concluded on page 432)

1.8a.

remember
that visit
to your old headmistress
and how
you felt
like a "little girl"
once again? . . .

remember
how
that feeling
went
immediately
you lit
your first cigarettes? . . .

remember
how
you *then*
realised
what
a blessing
a cigarette
is
on such occasions?

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

Disgusting Behaviour of Henry Magson *(Concluded from page 430)*

for she had her lovers, although these were, in her own phrase, spiritual and not physical lovers. They were young, youngish, and middle-aged men, mostly second-rate painters, poets, sculptors and novelists, who came with almost the regular frequency of the calendar to the Magsons' big house in Mayfair or their old country residence in Hampshire, to eat their host's food, drink his wine, smoke his cigars, clutter up his rooms, violate his privacy, and, behind his back, sneer at his work. He found them intolerable but suffered them without protest.

To entertain largely and lavishly was now Maude's ruling passion, and coupled with this was her desire that her children should have every educational and social advantage. It was therefore Henry's capacities as a money-spinner which began more and more to appeal to her as of prime importance; and as the children grew up they followed where she led until in their eyes Henry was no longer a father, a human being, but a perpetually industrious machine producing an inexhaustible stream of currency.

With the approach of the children to their twenties Henry began no longer to matter to them or to their mother as a social lever; they were already in the exclusive circles of the swim and could be trusted to keep afloat by their own efforts. And so gradually and almost imperceptibly Henry was allowed to drop out of their social life. He disappeared first as a figure-head, then as someone of note and importance, and finally altogether as a personality; he had become, in so far as their social life was concerned, literally a nonentity. And so when, the last chapter of a novel, the final scene of a play written, he took himself off into the country for a week or so's ramble to refresh his soul and reinvigorate his body, no one bothered, provided that rural sojourning was not prolonged to the point of interfering with his money-spinning. And after a while, although the matter was never openly discussed, Henry's desire to remove himself into the country at the end of a period of intensive work was recognised and stabilised as a sort of definite regular vacations of not more than three annually, each of which should not last longer than six weeks. And both parties to this tacit understanding honoured it both in letter and spirit.

At the ripe age of seventy-eight, having for a full lustrum borne the honourable if hackneyed title of the "Doyen of English Letters," Henry died. There was an overwhelming public demand that Westminster Abbey should be his last resting-place, and the Dean assenting and there being no other wish expressed in his will, preparations for the traditional obsequies were put in hand.

The will had proved a rather shocking document to Maude and the children, to whom he had bequeathed, in that chilling document's words, "The royalties from all my books and plays after my debts have been liquidated." This ominous phrase was quickly explained by the disclosure that he had at different periods during the past fifteen years drawn out sums totalling twenty-five thousand pounds.

Three days before the funeral a fat, common-looking (the epithets were Miss Pamela Magson's), little woman of middle-age, who said her name was Alice Barton, called at the big house in Mayfair and asked to see Mrs. Magson. She was admitted. The affair was in the nature of a full-dress family reception for Maude, Pamela, Ursula, and David were all present and in deep mourning.

Having seated herself on the edge of a chair (so that her short, plump legs should not dangle), Alice Barton quickly came to the point.

"I've come about my husband, ma'am," she said calmly.

"Indeed?" Maude replied blandly. "And who *is* your husband, and what may——"

"It's Henry I'm talking about," went on the rotund little woman calmly.

"Henry? Henry?" Maude said with a touch of hauteur and yet not without a strange, cold, disturbing chill at her heart. "I'm afraid, my good woman——"

"Henry Magson, I mean, ma'am. My husband——"

"Your husband! How dare you!" Maude exclaimed, while Pamela smiled, Ursula laughed mirthlessly, and David looked down his long, thin nose with derisive disdain.

But Alice Barton was not intimidated. "Oh, yes, ma'am," she continued quietly. "I know you were his legal wife and all the rest of it, but Henry and I were married in the eyes of God like Eve was to Adam, and if God didn't mind about Adam and Eve, why, then, He didn't mind about Henry and me. Henry and I were husband and wife, and have been these ten years, and a truer and dearer——"

"Thank you," interrupted Maude icily; "we do not need to hear any more of your preposterous story, and we will not detain you any longer. David, will you please——"

"There's nothing pre—preposterous about it," rejoined Alice Barton, sitting tight, her plump face hardening into determined lines, "and I'm sure it will be best for all concerned to hear what I've got to say. I've come here to say it, and say it I'm going to, and first of all, my husband—yes, *husband*—and the father of my children—my six children, ma'am—is *not* going to be buried in Westminster Abbey nor nowhere else except down in Dellingham Churchyard, where, when my time comes, I'll lay beside him. That was his wish, and——"

"Pah! Rubbish! Nonsense, woman!" Pamela broke in; "Mother, do we have to hear any more of this farrago——?"

"That was his wish," continued Alice Barton calmly, as if there had been no interruption, "and it's my right. 'Ally,' he said, 'promise me you'll see I'm buried down here in Dellingham, the only place where I've ever known real happiness. And when your time comes, old girl,' he said, 'I'd like you to lay there with me like we've laid'——"

"You may spare us these details of your alleged liaison with my husband!" put in Maude harshly. "And will you please go now? Even if your story is true and——"

"Oh, it's true enough! I've all his letters. Oh, yes, he wrote me regularly three times a week when he was away, and he often said to me, 'Ally, you hang on to my letters. They're worth a lot of money, but they'll be worth a lot more as a weapon if they show fight,' meaning you. 'But you needn't worry about money, Ally,' he said; 'I'll see you're all right.' And he was as good as his word. It's not money I've come after—you needn't think that. He settled enough on me and the children, so we'll never have nothing to worry about. He banked it for us years ago. 'No, Ally,' he said, 'I won't leave you anything in my will. If I did they'd spruce you out of it, the duck-shoving set of sharks'——"

She broke off at an exclamation of incredulity from Maude, but went on quickly: "Yes, those were his very words. I dare say you're thinking I'm making it all up and he didn't speak like that, but that's just because you didn't know him. You didn't know anything about him—any of you. You may be his legal wife, but I was his true wife, and he was my true husband and my—my dear——" Her face broke up and her voice trailed away, but with an effort she controlled herself and went on steadily: "And so now I've said what I came to say and I'll go. I'm going back to Dellingham and," her tone restrained but dourly determined, "I'm taking Henry's body with me."

"Rubbish! You don't know what you're talking about!" Maude said. "My husband's body is neither yours nor mine; it is his country's, and his country has decided where it shall rest."

"Henry and I decided that long ago," Alice Barton replied quietly. "I don't want any fuss nor anything made public; not that I wouldn't be proud to shout it from the housetops; and so, ma'am, I'll leave you to do the explaining. But if you won't, well, then, I'll have to do what Henry told me: take his letters to his solicitor and ask——"

"That's enough!" Maude broke in, her tone that of one whose endurance has reached the breaking-point. "Please go now."

"And Henry's——"

"My husband's wishes shall be respected."

"Thank you. And I hope——"

"David, will you please ring for Rogers?"

"D'you realise, Mother, what this means?" Ursula asked within a few seconds of the door closing behind Mrs. Barton.

Her mother made no reply, and David broke in bitterly: "Didn't Herbertson say the royalties would take five or six years to liquidate the debts? Good God! Mother, this means we're going to half-starve for about five years while that woman and her brats are living on the fat of the land on our money. *Our* money. Damnation! Surely something can be done about it? What a foul trick for the old man to play on us!"

Maude stared at him distressfully. And then, her voice hard and taut, she pronounced her husband's epitaph. "We ought to have expected it, my boy," she said. "I ought to have done so. He was not a true artist: his soul was vulgar."

THE END.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

It is difficult to look anything but charming in a wedding dress when designers excel themselves in the use of rich materials and elaborate embroideries. White, the traditional shade for brides, is very popular; also a warm ivory and pale pastel colourings, including pearl pink. Materials such as slipper satin, faille, and lace are all becoming, whereas billowy frocks in organza are very youthful. One lovely frock which was shown recently in the palest shade of water green satin, was embroidered all over with crystal fern leaves, while another in taffeta was veiled with a hooded cape of cobweb lace. Heavy white satin makes the graceful dress on the right from the inexpensive salon at Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street. It is cut like a sheath moulded to the figure, and only costs 7 guineas. The train is cut in one with the skirt, and pearl embroidery outlines the neck

Fine Feathers For Ascot

Every woman likes to feel she has a flair for dress, but even the cleverest of them often err in their choice of hats. It is a great mistake to try and appear ultra-smart regardless of whether the model chosen is becoming. Colouring and the shape of the face, are very important when buying a hat, since pronounced features require a brim or veil, whereas a small, retroussé profile looks charming in something diminutive and frivolous. Hats this year are designed with a view to suiting every type of face, and vary in character accordingly. A delightful trio for Ascot and Goodwood is pictured on this page and may be seen at Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly. The model in the top left-hand corner is made in fine shantung baku straw, black, with a shallow crown composed of pink carnation petals. It is distinguished by a sweeping brim which is repeated in the hat next to it. In this case, however, the colour is a soft grey blue with a crown of shaded ostrich feathers. An old-world bonnet to wear with a picture frock, is seen on the right in black paper Panama with waving ostrich plumes. It is quaint and absolutely ideal for the woman who is looking for something different

The BYSTANDER TWINS in search of NOVELTIES

discovered by peta

pictured by jane

Decorative shoes lend detail to a plain frock, and accentuate the beauty of an elaborate one. Royal blue satin combined with silver kid, hand-engraved with stencilling, make the evening sandals on the right from Dolcis. They have a high Spanish heel, open shank, and supporting "T" strap

Everything glitters this season, including handbags, which are made of all kinds of beautiful materials. The one sketched is for evening use and comes from Jay's, Regent Street. It is carried out in gold brocade, lightly shirred all over and mounted on a gold filigree frame

A small foot would look charming in this toeless satin sandal worked in diamond trellis design, from Dolcis, 350, Oxford Street. It is cut with a high riding vamp and graceful heel, while the ankle is supported by a narrow strap fastening with a diamanté buckle

A handful of hyacinths with the stalks joined together makes this delightful garland to wear with an evening dress. It can be worn either loose or looped over, and may be seen at Marjorie Castle's, 18, Berkeley Square

"Briefs" is the American name for the stockings on the right. Made in sheer silk for evening, they barely reach the knees, and are woven with elastic round the tops, which dispenses with suspenders. Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, have them for 6s. 11d.

The vogue for toeless sandals calls for special stockings, and Dickins and Jones are showing those sketched above in fine silk, with reinforced toecaps, hand-painted in a mixture of artistic colours. The effect is just as though they had been sprayed with sequins, and they cost 12s. 9d.

A similar idea to the evening spray is designed for day wear by Marjorie Castle, in lilies of the valley. The two bunches are intertwined making one large bouquet, which is worn close to the throat and costs 45s.

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Ancient and Modern: By Alan Thomas

One of the most imposing contributions to the wealth of literature that has been written on and round the Coronation is a sumptuous volume entitled, *A Chronicle of Kingship: 1066 to 1937*, by R. B. Mowat and J. D. Griffith Davies (Arthur Barker; 30*s*.). The book, which is nearly a foot long and over eight inches wide, is a review of the lives and work of the Kings and Queens who have ruled over us from the Bastard William to George VI. The authors have done their job in a plain, straightforward manner, giving enough (sometimes, perhaps, a little more than enough) background both of national and international affairs so as to afford a proper understanding and appreciation of the character and task of each monarch. If there is a theme running through the book, it is that "Amid the flux of modern life and politics, one thing has remained stable: the British Constitution, not rigid but, in fact, constantly growing, traces a clear course throughout the ages. The King in Parliament is both the expression of this continuity and the pivot of the State." Each section is accompanied by a portrait of the appropriate King or Queen, and there are a number of dynastic tables most attractively designed by Miss Cecile M. Driffield.

The trouble about a book this size is that before you can read it in comfort you must have a book-rest, and even then the pages are too wide for quick reading. The eye can take in paragraphs of ordinary width, but not when the lines are nearly six inches long. A monumental subject doubtless justifies a monumental tome: but once you have placed this particular tome in your shelves, you are more likely to admire it from a distance than take it down and read it. And that is a pity.

Mr. Eric Dancy could hardly have chosen a more popular site on which to stage the English scene than *Hyde Park* (Methuen; 10*s*. 6*d*.). This agreeably written history of "the greatest People's Park in Europe" begins with the cutting of the Roman roads, Watling Street (now Park Lane and the Edgware Road) and the Via Trinobantia (now Oxford Street and Bayswater Road), two thousand years ago when, as Mr. Dancy says, "Marble Arch as a traffic crossing began." It was not, however, until 1536 that Henry VIII. first enclosed "the syte, soyle, circuyte, and procynte of the manor of Hyde" as a Royal Park. (Hyde, by the way, is a Saxon name, derived from *ey*, an island—the land between Westbourne and Tyburn being almost an island.) Edward VI. hunted there; Mary fought a battle there; Elizabeth talked matrimony there with Philip of Spain's ambassador. But Charles I. did better than any. Of his own free will he gave the Park to the people. And with its opening to the public, began, in Mr. Dancy's words, "the multifarious series of episodes, tragic, comic, piquant, and lurid which endear Hyde Park to those whose way is with ghosts," and which are here collected for us and put into the shape of history. Mr. Dancy writes with a sprightly style and his book is full of the most curious information, ending up with an account of the "Renowned Orators," who are at once the delight of the Cockney and the envy of the foreigner. *Hyde Park* is a story of exceptional interest particularly to lovers of London. The delicate sketches accompanying the text have been done by a Danish illustrator, Ebbe Sadolin.

Mr. Hugh Austin, in his latest detective story, *Murder of a Matriarch* (Heinemann; 7*s*. 6*d*.), starts by giving the reader a guarantee, or rather, four guarantees: first, that all the clues are disclosed at the same time as they come to the attention of the detective; second, that the reader need not possess any unusual fund of specialised or scientific knowledge; third, that there are no hidden rooms or mechanical gadgets for performing the apparently impossible; and fourth, that the murderer has no outside assistants or accomplices. Towards the end of the book a second note informs the reader that the guarantee has been fulfilled and that the detective has solved the mystery on the facts as disclosed. I confess that I had to read on in order to find out who did it (perhaps I should have been more successful if I had had a plan of the house): and so far as the Lieutenant of the City of Hudson detectives was concerned, I had to admit that "You 're a better man than I am, Peter Quint." It is a compliment to Mr. Austin's ingenuity that I spent a good deal of time looking back to see where the clues were buried. I found most of them and I don't doubt that the one I couldn't find was there. For, if his characters behave at times a little too fantastically, Mr. Austin can and does bury an extremely pretty clue.

In *Monte Carlo Casino* (Stanley Paul; 18*s*.), General Pierre Polovtsoff, who before the war was military attaché to the Russian Embassy in London, and is now President of the International Sporting Club (originally the Cercle Privé), tells us pretty well all there is to tell of the origins, development and character of the famous Monaco gaming tables. The General, whose connection with Monte Carlo dates back over thirty years, knows the place and its associations from A (for Albert, Prince of Monaco, after whom the district was very nearly named "Albertville") to Z (for Zaharoff, who in 1923 acquired the interests of the Casino Company, but soon disposed of them). He writes with pleasant and often humorous Sophistication of Systems and Suicides, Swindles and Superstitions. His book, if not a tribute to man's nature, is at all events an entertaining commentary on it.

Of the shorter books on the Spanish war, the best and fairest I have come across so far is *War in Spain*, by F. White (Longmans; 1*s*. 6*d*.). In this up-to-date outline of events nothing is included which is not confirmed from independent sources, and the author has stated the case for each side as clearly as possible, on the basis of the pronouncements made by the different leaders. In a concluding note Miss White considers that there is a prima facie case against the Fascist powers for complicity in the revolt which started the war. "This note," she adds, "is offered to the open mind. Partisans of either side will pay no heed to it. For it is a discouraging reflection upon human intelligence that propagandists first invent and then believe their own propaganda." Miss White's account, by contrast, is authoritative and impartial.

Telephone Talks: No. 10

"Little Folks" here—

This England . . .

The Thames—Streatley Bridge.

THE River Thames means many different things to many different men. There is the alder-shaded country stream at Lechlade, the lovely reaches where it becomes the Isis of youthful hopes and happy memories; Streatley bridge where the plunge begins between the wooded shoulders of the Berkshire Downs. Henley (after Ascot), historic Windsor, Wolsey's Hampton and Elizabeth's "sweet Shene" . . . on, on to the lighters and language of the Port of London. Different things to different men, but to all men one — good bodily exercise in the open air. And one thing more for every waterman's delight; at almost any inn from the Cotswolds to Canvey you may tie up for a Worthington — the just reward of jolly labour.

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Summer Sport

By Howard Marshall

IT is a great pity that Hector Thomson is unable to defend his title in the Amateur Golf Championship which begins at Sandwich this week. He was one of the few people we might have relied upon to stave off the challenge of that remarkable young South African, A. D. Locke, but it is the reason for his withdrawal which seems to me significant.

Thomson has had to stand down because he has not fully recovered from the strain of competitive golf last year. That surely, is worth pondering. It is a formidable piece of evidence for those who argue that nowadays we take our games far too seriously. I argue that way myself. Golf, perhaps, is a particularly heavy drain upon the nervous energy. Even the great Bobby Jones was reduced to sickness and almost complete prostration after playing through a championship.

To my mind, such devastating solemnity is absurd. No game is worth so much worry. If it imposes such a strain upon the players, it ceases to be a game, and becomes a nightmare. And I have a suspicion that championship golf is a nightmare to most partakers.

Perhaps the stress of competitive play is necessary to produce the highest standard of execution, but who really cares about that? Would Bobby Jones ever have become the perfect golfing machine that he was without the spur of intense rivalry? We set too much store on championships and records. We forget enjoyment, which, I am obscurantist enough to imagine, is still the main purpose of any game. And that is one of the reasons why I would give you all your competitive golf, tennis, or cricket for one day's quiet fishing.

THAT reminds me. This week, the Mayfly will be up on that stretch of the Hampshire Avon where I spend my occasional leisure hours. And this year I shall miss it, simply because M.C.C. have chosen to celebrate their 150th

(Concluded on page iv)

Overseas Golfers

Miss Jane Hood (Victoria, Australia) and Mrs. Modera (Kenya) are with Mrs. H. Holm, ex-lady champion and Scottish champion: she played with Miss Pam Barton against Miss Wanda Morgan and Miss Wilson at the L.G.U. Coronation Invitation meeting to overseas golfers at Beaconsfield, where this picture was taken

D. C. Rought-Rought

Had made Cambridge's biggest score this season up till last week—92 against Sussex. Is a fast bowler, stands a good chance of one of the five Light Blues going

D. H. Macindoe

Macindoe is the young Etonian Freshman whose bowling has been attracting attention at Oxford: almost certain of a Blue. He is at Christ Church

Last Week's Opponents: the Oxford and Cambridge Lawn Tennis Teams

Oxford: *R. L. Riseley (Clifton and Hertford), R. Pulbrook (Harrow and Magdalen), L. E. King (Sydney, Australia, and New College), M. J. Coudon (Clifton and Queen's); J. A. S. Collins (Harrow and Christ Church), J. D. Anderson (Uppingham and B.N.C.; captain), W. H. Earle (Rugby and Christ Church)*

Cambridge: *K. H. Lo (China and Fitzwilliam House), D. H. Mackenzie (Malvern and Pembroke), J. N. Dhamija (Lahne, India, and Emmanuel), J. N. Wharton (Eton and Trinity); P. D. Eeman (Bembridge and Trinity Hall), F. M. P. Knott (Oundle and Downing), G. T. M. Zarifi (Lycée de Marseille and Selwyn; captain), G. Nicolaidis (Greece and Pembroke)*

His Majesty's Yacht Victoria and Albert

Against the summer mist on a light grey sea and sky, the Victoria and Albert stood out gaily as she steamed up the lines, flying the Royal Standard at the mainmast, the Admiralty flag at the foremast and the Union Jack at the mizzen. In the foreground is the quarter-deck and a dressed stay of the Queen Elizabeth, lying near the head of E line

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The South African Team

I WAS very interested to see the members of the young South African golf team in action, and managed to do so when they played the Moles, represented by C. J. H. Tolley, T. A. Bourn, A. S. G. Thompson, and F. G. C. Weare, at Woking. You may remember that a few years ago the Moles Golfing Society provided the only team which has ever beaten an American Walker Cup team.

A. D. Locke, who will not be twenty years of age until next November, won both the Amateur and Open Championships of South Africa in 1935, and repeated the feat this year, and was also the leading amateur in the Open Championship at Hoylake last year, and in the Irish Open Championship.

Locke is not only a very good player, but also has a very considerable knowledge of the game and how to play it. There are, I am afraid, many very good golfers who have little knowledge of how they hit the ball. If you ask certain first-class players how they grip the club, they cannot tell you unless they pick up a poker or walking-stick and try their grip on it, and they also have no idea of how they stand, and can only tell you by addressing an imaginary ball.

LOCKE is certainly longer both off the tee and through the green than he was last year. He has a very long swing, takes the club back terribly quickly, and apparently hits with all his might. The fact that he does not tire before the end of a round is because he is very young, and in splendid physical condition, and the reason why he nearly always hits the ball as he wants to is because his balance is so perfect that no amount of quick back and hard hitting can upset it.

He has, as I write, won only two of his seven singles, which is not a good record, but it must be remembered that when these matches were played, he had hardly had time to get rid of his sea legs. I expect him to play very much better golf at Sandwich. The fact that he, at the present time, is not at his best enhances, rather than reduces, his chance in the Amateur.

C. E. Olander, after Locke, has the biggest reputation in his own country, but so far he has not settled down to good golf in this country, where he finds the courses and playing conditions still somewhat strange. He is the veteran of the side, and owns to the colossal age of thirty-one.

O. Hayes, in the seven matches so far played, has won all his singles, an extraordinarily good performance considering that he had never before seen any of the courses on which these matches were played. His method of putting is the best example of the right-hand hitting against the left I have ever seen, and it certainly gets most satisfactory results.

F. O. L. Agg is the biggest man on the side, a very long hitter, and a very cheerful golfer.

THE South Africans are a cheerful team, with a cheerful manager in Jack Hirsch, and look both on the golf course and off it, as if they were thoroughly enjoying themselves. They are bound to be popular, and they will make many friends wherever they go. It is really a treat to see good golfers who are also cheerful, especially at a time when so many of our own golfers of championship class march along at funereal pace, with faces like sea-boots, and seem to think that there is someone who cares a two-penny bother if they miss a two-feet putt or not.

There is not the slightest chance of any of the South African team suffering from the strain of competitive golf, or even from the strain of practice, about which we have heard so much balderdash lately.

SO much golf has been played lately that it is difficult to keep pace with it. W. A. Stevenson, who is home on leave from Palestine, kept up the superstition that the man who qualifies by the skin of his teeth often wins, by winning the Surrey Amateur Championship at Worplesdon, after qualifying in the last place. Just previously, he had won the mixed foursome tournament on the course of the West Sussex Golf Club at Pulborough, with Miss Molly Gourlay. Next Friday, the Ladies of France play the Ladies of Great Britain on this course, so the night life of London will not tempt any of our team to break training.

W. V. Crawford, who is home on leave from Burma, returned the extraordinary score of 76 less 14—equals 62—which, with his morning score of 73 net won him the Goldsmith Cup at Worplesdon by a street. His scratch score of 76 was better than many of the scores returned by those who qualified for the sixteen places in the match-play stages of the Surrey Amateur Championship, played on the same course. His victory paid a great tribute to Johnny Heron, the Worplesdon professional, who is a very good coach of both good and bad golfers. Crawford, a few days before the Goldsmith Cup, had lost five balls in playing the first nine holes at Worplesdon, and evidently came to the conclusion that the money spent on a lesson would be soundly invested if it decreased the number of balls which he was continually losing every round. Consequently, he had a few lessons with Heron, with the happy result recorded above.

A FEW weeks ago, I wrote about how extremely difficult it is for a man handicapped at scratch or better to win a competition by stroke play under handicap.

I must thank Crawford for confirming what I wrote. A scratch player would have had to beat the record of the course by no fewer than seven shots, or the standard scratch score by thirteen shots, to improve on Crawford's afternoon score, which is, of course, quite an impossible feat.

West Hill and the South African Team

Their second match, at which this picture was taken, was against West Hill and was their second win. Since then they have not been so successful. Back row, with beer (West Hill): W. A. Murray, A. S. G. Thompson, Major Aitken and G. D. Hannay. Front row (South Africa): F. O. L. Agg, A. D'A. Locke (Open and Amateur champion of South Africa), J. O. Hayes and C. E. Olander

1715

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Coronation Golf

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER—

CORONATION time has been a grand chance for meeting golfers who have come over from the Dominions. Sometimes it has been a case of reunion, the members of teams who have enjoyed such right royal hospitality in South Africa, Australia and New Zealand delighting to see their kindest of hostesses again; sometimes the friends have been new.

The Ladies' Parliamentary Golf Association has taken a big lead in welcoming golfers from the Dominions, because Lady Annaly's name is a byword amongst Dominion visitors for hospitality and a helping hand. She was out of town under doctor's orders at the time of the L.P.G.A. match against Overseas visitors, but Lady Lymington deputised for her amongst the beautiful flowers and good cheer of the Stoke Poges luncheon; Mrs. Everard Martin Smith did likewise for Lady Carisbrooke over the details of captaincy, and everything went with a great swing. The Parliamentary had a decisive win, to be sure, but most of the visitors had hardly found their land legs, and were sufficiently content to take their opponents a long way. Most of them did that, and Miss Nankivell did more, for she beat Mrs. Peter Chance; thus confirming the idea that at the moment she is the most consistent of the golfers here from overseas. The left-handed Mrs. Catterall, Champion of Rhodesia, has a style which spells conviction, but there she has much to do besides play golf; so we are unlikely to see her at her best this visit.

HOWEVER, if you are really in practice, you may doubtless take liberties and still produce good golf—witness the scoring at Miss Doris Chambers's and Burhill's invitation Coronation meeting the day after *the* day. The hours of sleep competitors had had during the last two nights was negligible: at least one prize winner had not attempted to have any; others were stiff from long hours in cramped positions; somebody fancied she was driving between the towers of the Abbey and trying to hit a red, white and blue ball. "What did you do?" bore no reference to the score returned, but only how you had Coronated. Everybody was in the very best of good humours, and well they might be, for each smallest detail had been thought out in keeping with the occasion, and Lady Carisbrooke came down to give away the lovely prizes before hurrying back to the State Banquet at Buckingham Palace. Miss Pam Barton's 74 to win the scratch prize was thoroughly worthy of herself, of the occasion, and the really beautiful—so many cups are only so-called that—cup which she won. Miss Jessie Anderson, 77; Miss Wanda Morgan, Miss Kathleen Garnham and Miss Molly Gourlay were 78; the Overseas scratch prize went to Miss Betty Frost, of Port Elizabeth, a good start to a visit which is to take out the taste of ill-luck when she was here for the Girls' Championship. The handicap Overseas was won by Miss Stiebel, of Durban Country Club—so South Africa was well in it.

"Bystander"
Scottish Foursomes

King's Course, Gleneagles Hotel, June 15-18. Entries close Friday, May 28. See page xii for Entrance Form and Special Hotel Terms

On the left are the scratch winners at the Burhill Coronation meeting—one of many such held all over the country—Miss Pam Barton and Miss Betty Frost, of Port Elizabeth. On the right are Sheila Stroyan and Joan Pemberton: the latter won the Wentworth Scratch Open Foursomes. They are both eligible for this year's "Bystander" Girls' Championship (open to girls under nineteen in September), and good tips for it, too, as Sheila Stroyan was a semi-finalist last year and Joan Pemberton a runner-up when she was fifteen

The Champion of Rhodesia

Mrs. Catterall, the left-handed champion of Rhodesia, was one of many distinguished golfing women from the Empire who came over here for the Coronation. She was photographed with Mrs. Idina Mills at the Stoke Poges meeting when the Ladies' Parliamentary G.A. beat a team of overseas visitors by nine to two

NEXT day the Ladies' Golf Union entertained some seventy Overseas visitors to an open meeting at Beaconsfield, with a memento of a Coronation spoon to every visitor, famous British golfers to look after them, Miss Cecil Leitch to make a really Empire-minded speech, and even a prize for the player who had "shown the most perseverance." Somebody had persevered to finish after taking 72 to go out; Miss Leitch brought down the house by handing her the prize with: "That is the spirit which has built the Empire."

Some of the Overseas golfers found their way out through the really amazingly flag-bedecked streets of the East End to Romford the next day, for an unofficial England v. Scotland match organised by Miss Enid Wilson and Mr. Robert Middlemas (of Turf and Fairplay buses for slum children's outings fame).

HERE was another delightful day, and golf of the very highest possible quality, if not from Miss Wilson herself, from Mrs. Andrew Holm, who kept up her reputation for brilliance by beating her by 7 and 6; from both Miss Wanda Morgan and Miss Doris Park in the top match; from Miss Garnham and Miss Jessie Anderson, all of whom bandy twos and other birdies at each other; and from Mrs. Peel and Miss Corlett. If Miss Mervyn Barton and Mrs. Percy had more adventures, they were not all of the bad kind. I never remember seeing Miss Morgan or Miss Park play such magnificent golf. Miss Morgan was round, from tiger tees, in 73, Miss Park 74, better ball, 69. What more could you ask? England, rather incidentally, won by $4\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$. No space left to revert to Sheila Stroyan and Joan Pemberton's win of the Wentworth open scratch foursomes, but, believe me, it was stout-hearted, good golf on the part of these two seventeen-and-a-half-year-olds, and a feather in Girls' Championship caps. Yours ever,

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Flying at Home and Abroad

By Charles Ward

Masaaki Iinuma, pilot of the "Divine Wind," about to test the Kronfeld ground trainer at Hanworth. Robert Kronfeld, designer, is giving final instructions

Over the Atlantic

THE first charter flight across the Atlantic has been completed to time, though the main object of the journey—to take the Coronation films to the States—was not fulfilled, owing to their late arrival at Southport Sands, the hopping-off place used by Dick Merrill for his return flight. The 'plane was a Lockheed "Electra," the same type as that used by British Airways for their fast services to Paris and Stockholm. Into the cabin were built extra fuel tanks, so that the journey could be made non-stop. Actual flying time was 46 hours, and the double trip completed within five days. Petrol and oil were Stanavo, which have the advantage of being standard grades throughout the world. Meantime, the Dept. of Commerce of America has refused to issue licences for the New-York Paris race, an admirable decision that will be welcomed by everybody but the unfortunate private entrants who have spent much time and money in preparations. Whether the French Government will compensate these backers and pilots is doubtful. The only entry of interest from England was the "Clyde Clipper," a novel type known in America as the Burnelli and being constructed over here for Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen. Olley Airways were to find the personnel for the flight. Knowing the resourcefulness of Captain Olley, it is likely that the 'plane will be put to good use and may perhaps fly the Atlantic on a lucrative charter. One other "Coronation" flight was completed successfully—the return of the "Divine Wind" to Japan, carrying pictures of the great event and reciprocal greetings to those which it brought to England. A British air route to Japan is not far from being a fact. It would be a logical extension of Imperial Airways' branch line to China from either Singapore or another airport in the Malay States.

In the Air this Week

THE event of the week is Empire Air Day, to be celebrated on Saturday next, May 29th, at all civil aerodromes and fifty or more R.A.F. stations. Given fine weather, there should be a good flying display at practically every local centre, and, in addition, there is an opportunity for the general public, which sees little of the ground work of aviation, to go behind the scenes. All takings are devoted to Service charities. Also from Saturday till Monday, there are races to the Isle of Man and an Air Derby. Amongst the entries are the Mew Gull, to be flown by A. Henshaw, who won the race to the Island last year; the Double Eagle from Hanworth, whose appearances have been too few to bet on its place at the finish; a Taylor Cub, two Vega Gulls, and the latest "Tipsy" for two. The latter is a new type, built in Belgium by Mr. E. O. Tips, manager for Faireys. The single-seater is considered one of the finest in its class that has been produced for the experienced pilot. It has all the possibilities of a fast racer, but is sold at a reasonable price. Brian Allen, of Croydon, is the distributor, and the two-seater will be available for trial next month. It has a 50-horse-power engine, giving it a speed level of 125 miles an hour. Seats are slightly staggered, with dual control fitted so that the instructor is slightly behind the pupil. Price will be about £400.

At Hamble and Brooklands

THEY are busy at Hamble, for A.S.T. has taken over a section of the R.A.F. Volunteer Reserve, whose training is done mostly at week-ends. With the exception of Christmas Day, the School will be open for instruction throughout the year. Young men from Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Southampton, Bournemouth, and Winchester are to learn to fly at the finest training centre in the world. A third "Cutty Sark" amphibian has joined the fleet, which will total 48 aircraft by the middle of the summer. Brooklands, being the oldest flying club in England, has presented the latest club at Lusaka, in Northern Rhodesia, with a challenge cup for competition amongst its members, which seems a very appropriate gesture. Duncan Davis, senior pilot at Brooklands and one of the oldest in England, though only in respect of his Number, 20, handed the Cup to Lady Young, wife of His Excellency the Governor. On Whit Sunday, the landing competition was won by Miss D'Anacar, whose 4 hours' solo experience was more than a match for many others with ten times that period in the air. On the following day, hospitality was extended to a further two hundred troops from overseas, seventy of whom made flights. Major F. G. Maunde-Thompson, late Royal Artillery, celebrated his sixtieth birthday at Brooklands with a free flight of sixty minutes, one for each year of his life. Other clubs are known to have protested. Every day, someone of sixty or more has a birthday, and if they all receive free flights, it's going to be expensive for the Clubs. Mr. Leslie Cliff, one of the Brooklands pilots, flew to Hull with Coronation pictures and was the only one of several bound on similar errands, who got through on time. The weather was appalling and involved hedge-hopping most of the way from London.

Listening-in at Kenley—Dominion and Colonial officers amused by radio instructions given to an R.A.F. formation overhead

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C.F.H. 193

Golf Clubs at Home

Sundridge Park

This is one of the few clubs near London which is fortunate enough to possess two full-length courses. This is a result of the recent fusion of the original Sundridge Park and Elmstead Woods. Both courses are in the nature of park golf, the greens unusually true and interesting, the turf (due to a heavy campaign against worms), dry and fine. The scenery is of the woodland type, and a seaside air is lent by the white sand bunkers

Basil King (vice-president), E. G. Collyer (committee), G. E. Perman and J. A. Todd

G. T. Cubitt

J. H. Osborne (vice-captain), F. E. Ward (captain), and F. H. Huish (secretary)

W. F. V. Cox (committee), H. J. Tifford (ex-captain), and H. Waterfield (committee)

B. F. Dyke

H. D. Banning

Dudley Folland

A. J. A. Amos

Alfred Padgham (professional), T. Strong (steward), J. Randall (professional), and Toby

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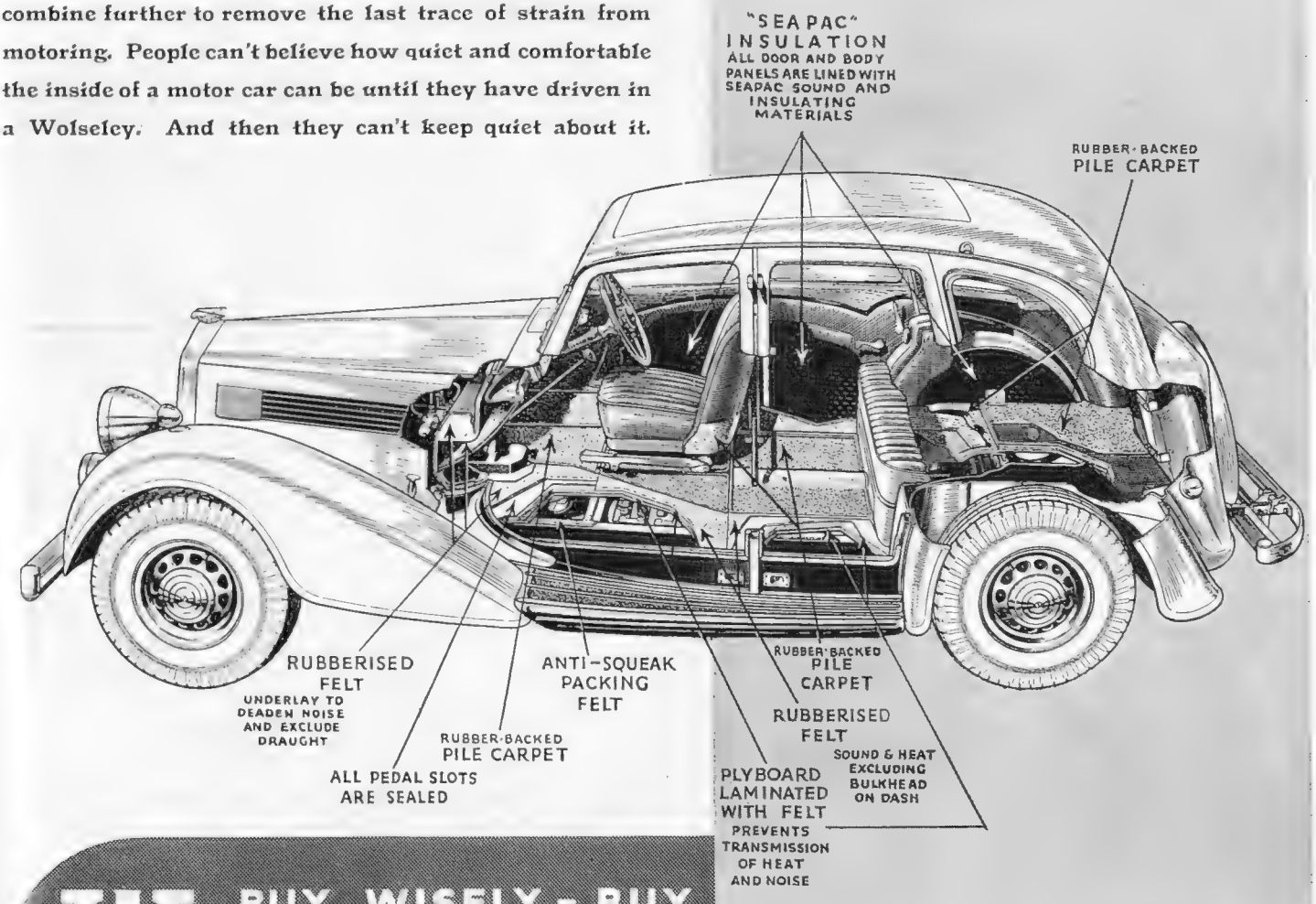

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Summer Sport *(Cont. from page 438)*

anniversary with two rattling good representative matches at Lord's.

Why M.C.C. picked on this week of all others for their junketings, I can't imagine. There must be some fishermen on the committee who have a sense of values. I daresay I shall enjoy the cricket—shall we not be watching such grand young players as Gimblett, Dollery, Compton and Edrich? Even so, it will be a tantalising time, despite the fact that Mayfly prospects are uncertain.

We are due for a really big hatch this year. The last two or three years have produced meagre, spasmodic trickles of fly, with rain and cold winds to plague us further. I hear that the South country experts are optimistic, though I cannot see that their hopes are soundly founded. The fly depend upon their 1935 forebears, and then, you will remember, there was a drought and a scarcity of Mayfly. But perhaps I am biassed and determined to be pessimistic, so I will conclude matters by wishing all honest anglers tight lines, with particular reference to the monster — five pounds or more — who lies above the hang at the top of the shallows.

HARKING back to cricket, with what good grace I may, a hearty word of congratulation to Sir Pelham Warner, whose complete devotion to a great game has been most appropriately rewarded. Sir Pelham does not trip with such friendly ease off the tongue as "Plum," but I daresay we shall get used to it in time, and in the meanwhile the honour to a famous cricketer and cricket itself is plain for all men to see.

I will say nothing about Lancashire's recent tortoise score of 106 in three and a half hours on a slow and easy wicket—nothing, except that such sluggardly stuff is a wretched negation of the game, and almost persuades me that the brighter cricket boys are talking sense. Almost, I said. But that was naughty of Lancashire, very.

Marriage After Wimbledon

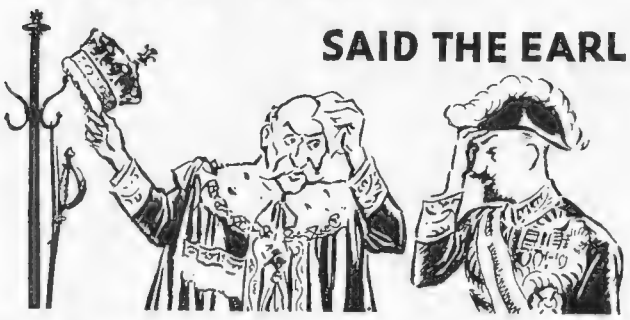
Miss Audrey Wright has announced her engagement to Mr. Dennis Ernest, Sir Arthur and Lady Ernest's younger son. She is tennis champion of Norfolk and has led the county team for several years

THIS week, by the way, the boxers return to the limelight. Maxie Baer attempts to prove at Harringay on Thursday that his form against Tommy Farr was too bad to be true. His opponent is Ben Foord, who must win convincingly if he is to reinstate himself in the critics' favour. Both men, indeed, must regard this fight as conclusive. The loser will be written off decisively. And somehow I don't fancy that a great deal will be proved either way.

Actually, the fight of the evening will be between Peter Kane, that volatile young blacksmith, and Ernst Weiss. Watch this Kane. He is a remarkable boy, and a potential world champion. A boxer with a punch, level-headed. Fit. Beautifully built for the job. A grand workman. Don't miss him, even if it means dining early.

FINALLY, a word about the Derby. I surprised myself by tipping the winner last year. This year I will content myself with leaving America and France out of my reckoning—Perifox and Le Ksar, that's to say—and doing a little steady thinking about the chances of Cash Book. Am I right, sir? Well, I daresay you know best.

"That's that!" SAID THE EARL



"And now hot-foot to the Palace Hotel, Torquay. What about you, Excellency, old boy?"

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* * *

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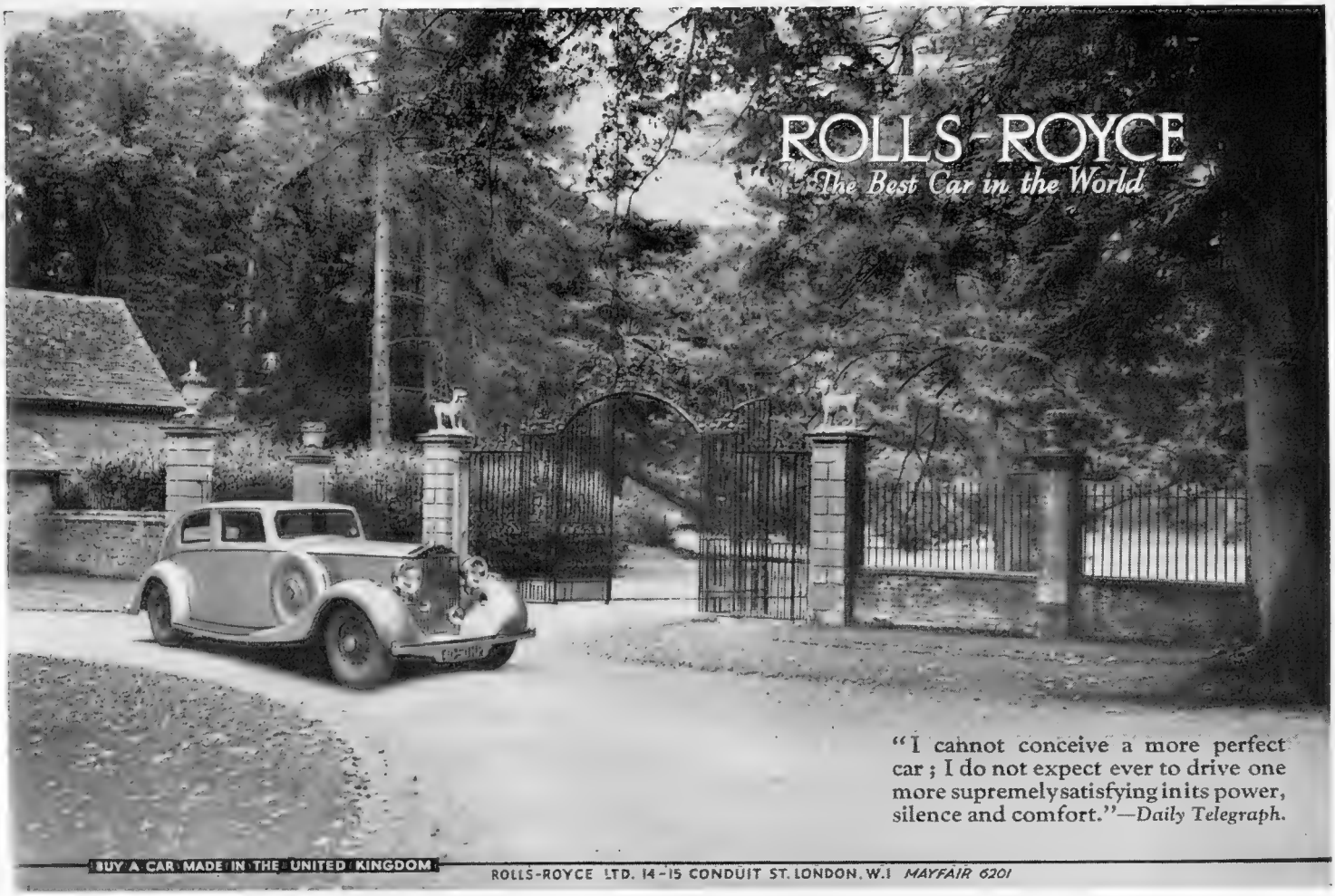

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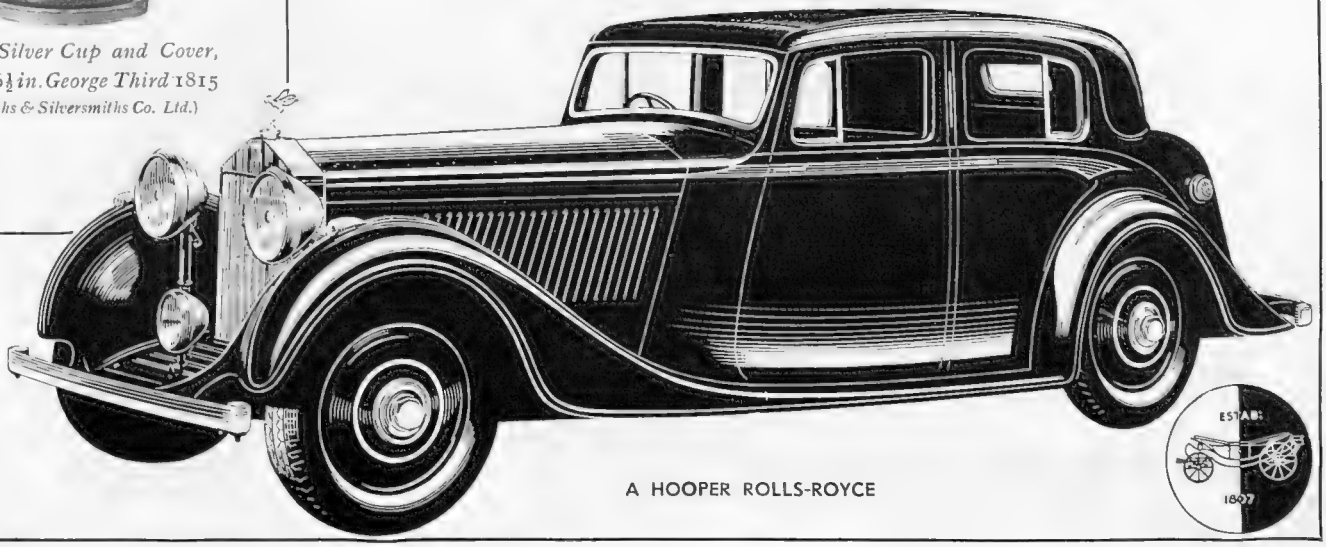


A HOOPER ROLLS-ROYCE

Kennington Service

Cars with a Personality: The New 30-h.p. "V-8" Ford

By The Earl of Cardigan

The latest 30 h.p. "V-8" Ford must be reckoned a very remarkable car, with its impressive road performance and surprisingly low cost. The chassis design allows for ample body space

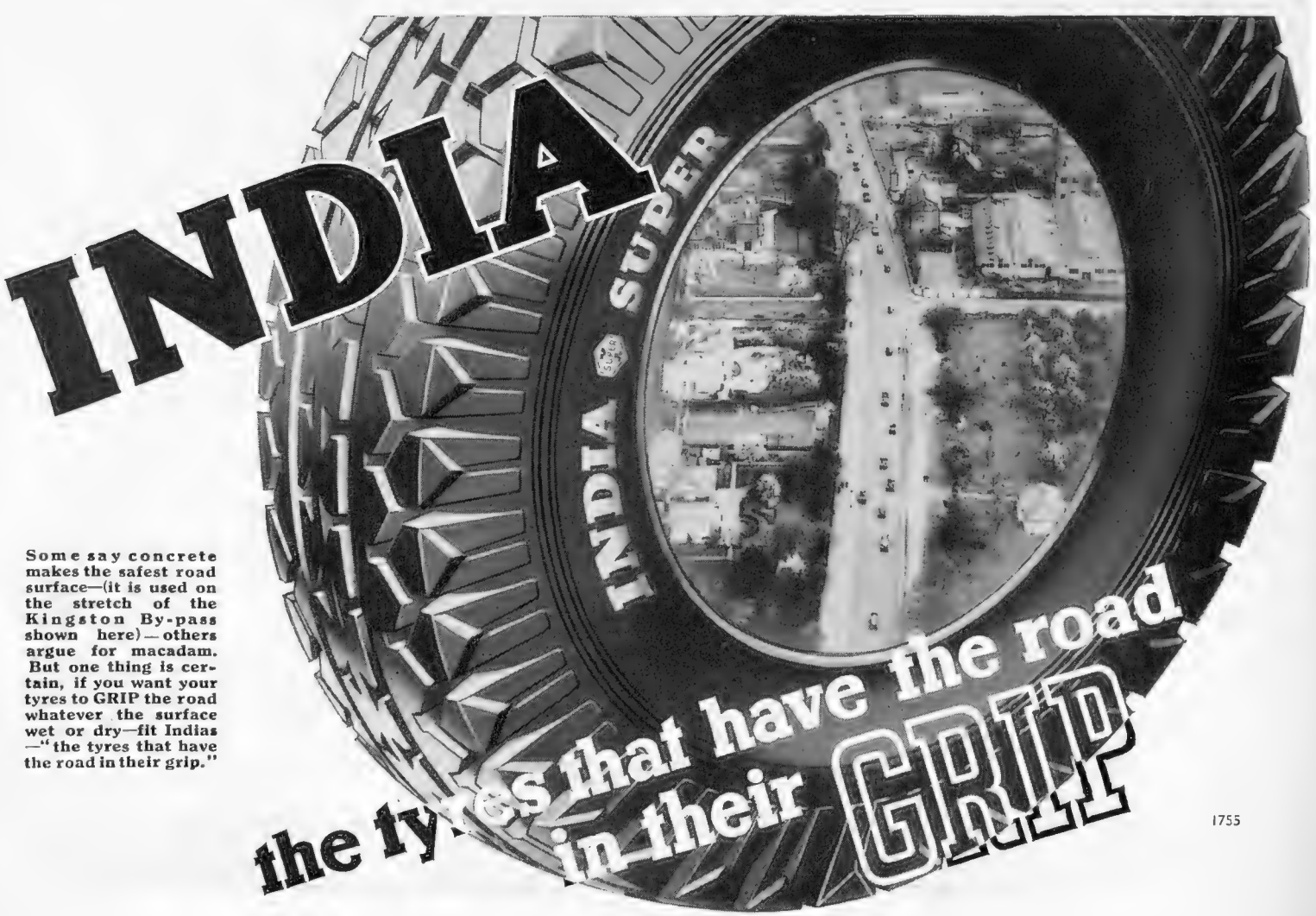
There is plenty of room at the back, and enough width for three people to sit abreast. The pivoted quarter lights are of value in providing ventilation without draught

THE new 30 h.p. "V-8" Ford is a direct descendant of the original "V-8"—the car which created a sensation when it was introduced a few years ago (it was so easily the most efficient low-priced car which at that time any of us had seen.)

Although by now we are familiar enough with the remarkable performance of the modern Ford, I still think that "sensational" is not too strong a word to apply to the latest 30 h.p. model. Indeed, in the rough notes which I made during a test run—and these are usually more pithy than flattering—I find that I have scribbled "phenomenal" to describe the rate of acceleration!

THE eight-cylinder engine, as its name implies, is built in compact "V" form, and drives the car through a three-speed gear-box, having synchro-mesh second and top ratios. An important point to remember is that, with the rear

(*Concluded on page* viii)



Some say concrete makes the safest road surface—(it is used on the stretch of the Kingston By-pass shown here)—others argue for macadam. But one thing is certain, if you want your tyres to GRIP the road whatever the surface wet or dry—fit Indias—"the tyres that have the road in their grip."

1755

BY APPOINTMENT

LANSON

The prondest Champagne of France

THE CHOICE OF THE CONNOISSEUR

Cars with a Personality *(Continued from page vi)*

axle geared at almost 4 to 1, the Ford can be fairly rated as a high-geared car. Thus its power to accelerate does not "peter out" at the higher speeds. At 60 or 70 m.p.h. the engine is still running comfortably "within itself."

The maximum is a good 80 m.p.h., and even this high speed is reached without the slightest fuss or effort, but quite easily on any decent stretch of main road. The second-gear performance is no less impressive. From the merest crawl, this ratio will take the car up to 60 m.p.h. in an astonishingly brief space of time.

For this new model, the brakes have been greatly modified, being made both lighter and more powerful. This represents, in the main, a real advance; but I must record my own opinion that the action is now a little too light, so that one is apt to get a fierce application of the brakes unless one uses some precaution. None the less, it is sometimes gratifying to feel that such tremendous braking power is available—and a delicate touch is not so difficult to acquire.

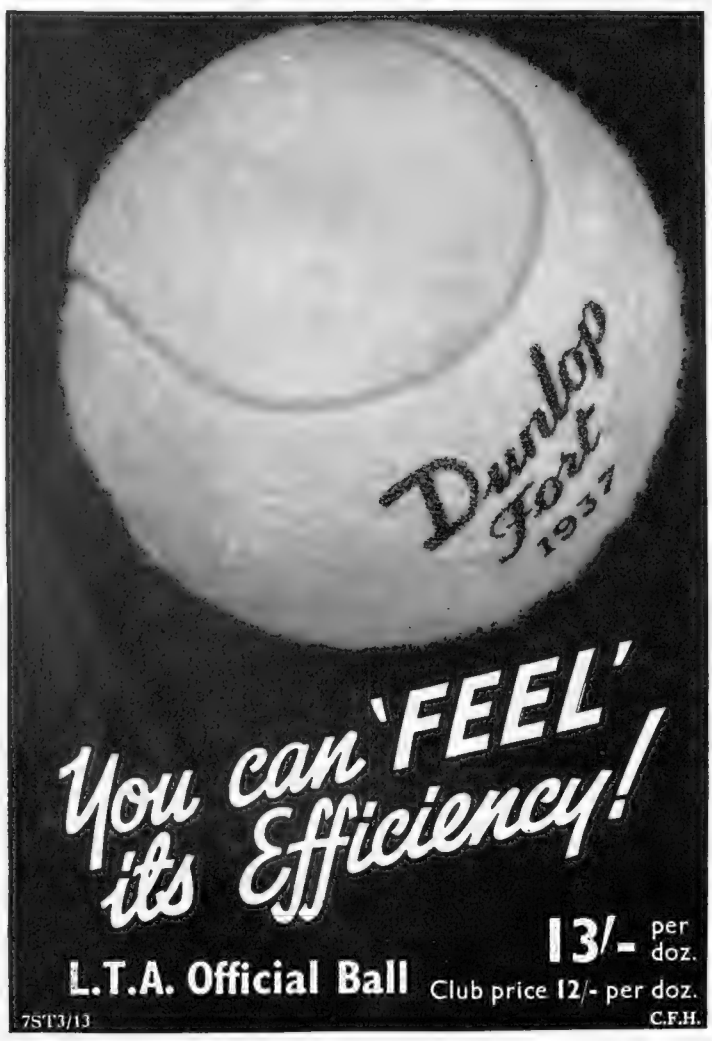
The steering operates in a very effortless manner, being geared low, and has a helpful self-centring action. The springing is of the transverse type which has proved its value in Ford cars for a great many years, and provides really comfortable riding.

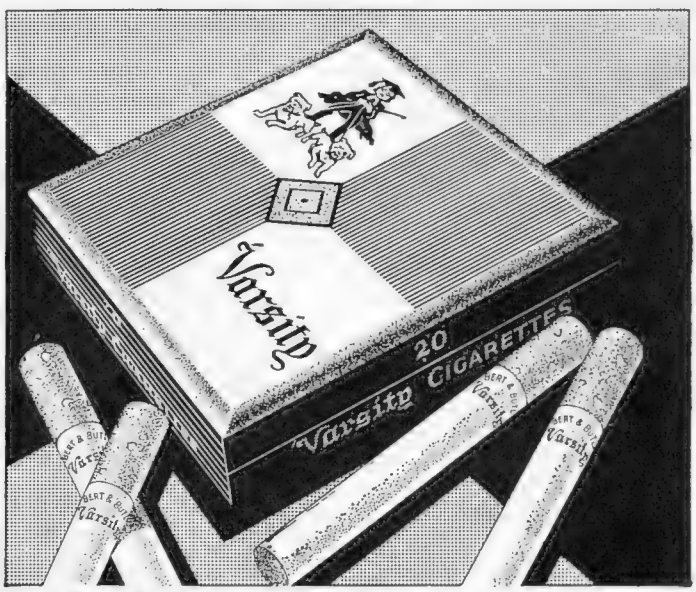
The coachwork has been notably improved, and now gives a sense of much more roominess. That big-car feeling is decidedly in evidence when one sits in it. The rear luggage compartment also is of unusually generous size.

The price can certainly be linked with the engine performance, and similarly be described in terms of unqualified enthusiasm. This car, which can "walk away from" the great majority of others which it meets on the road, is not far outside the light-car category in the matter of first cost! The four-door saloon is quoted at £255.

The bonnet does not open in the usual way, but hinges up to expose the whole upper surface of the engine. There is a single fastening device, of ornamental design, at the forward end

There is a remarkable amount of room in this luggage compartment. With intelligent stowing, it should be quite possible to fit in half a dozen suit-cases





Varsity

There is no better filter-tipped cigarette obtainable. The quality of the tobacco is beyond dispute—
Varsity are made by LAMBERT & BUTLER

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A fine romance.....

A marriage has been arranged. The pleasure of your company to celebrate a fine romance. The wine goes round . . . I give you a toast . . . The Happy Pair. Romance is best served by candlelight. It sheds a gentle lustre and gives glamour to a great occasion. Conversation acquires an unsuspected brilliance. The company, subtly flattered, is very much at ease. Price's Venetian candles add distinction to the dinner table. Their vivid colours and tapered elegance match the modern scheme. Choose them for your next party.

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Renowned Restaurant and Bar.

Meet your Friends there!

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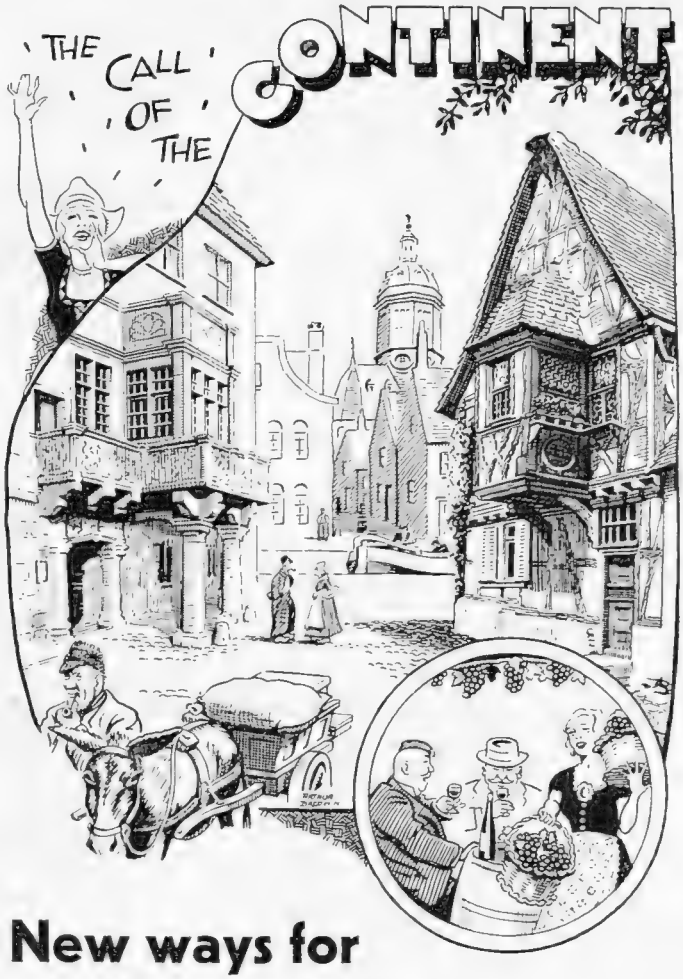
BEAUTIFULLY APPOINTED APARTMENTS

Moderate Terms



New ways for new holidays!

If you have never met the Dutch in their own land, followed the mighty Rhine until you reach the Black Forest, or gazed upon the tremendous snow-clad peaks of the mountains of Austria, or Switzerland, you have yet to learn how fair and how friendly the world can be.

Nor can anything equal the flashing beauty of the Italian lakes or the flowers and brilliant colours of the Dolomites.

And if you would meet with living history, there are the ancient Scandinavian cities where the past still lives, and the smaller towns of Bavaria and Austria, where bygone days are still represented in colourful national costumes.

Such a choice may be bewildering, especially when one remembers that France, Belgium, and the Riviera in particular, claim your attention.

Turn your face towards the Continent and discover these treasures yourself this year, and don't forget that a Continental Holiday in 1937 costs about 25 per cent. less than last year.

17 CONTINENTAL ROUTES

HARWICH - - - - HOOK	DOVER - - - - - CALAIS
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For all information apply Continental Departments, LIVERPOOL STREET STATION, E.C.2 (for HARWICH Routes), or VICTORIA STATION, S.W.1 (for SOUTHERN Routes), or any Station, Office or Agency of the Great Western; London Midland & Scottish; London & North Eastern or Southern Railways

GWR - LMS - LNER - SR

Modern Aids to Beauty

Keeping Up Appearances

IT is comparatively easy for a woman to buy pretty clothes and dress well, but there is a distinct art in appearing really "chic" and "soignée." Apart from the question of choosing the right clothes for the right occasion, with due consideration for the importance of accessories, there is the care of the complexion and, most important of all, the hair. It is essential these days to have a neat, well-groomed head, and Emile, 24, Conduit Street, are experts in the art of designing original and becoming coiffures. They study a head from every angle, and endeavour to accentuate good features and camouflage bad ones. Before adopting a new hair style, however, it is important to see that the scalp is in a really healthy condition, and this, like the skin, may be divided into three types—the normal, dry and oily. A young person usually has a normal scalp which requires washing about once every ten days and occasional treatment with hot oil. The latter is also invaluable in the case of a very dry head, as it nourishes the roots of the hair, encourages growth, and disperses dandruff. It must be applied by an expert, however, as it is easy to use too much oil and so spoil the results. With greasy hair Emile prescribe a special course and advise frequent washing.

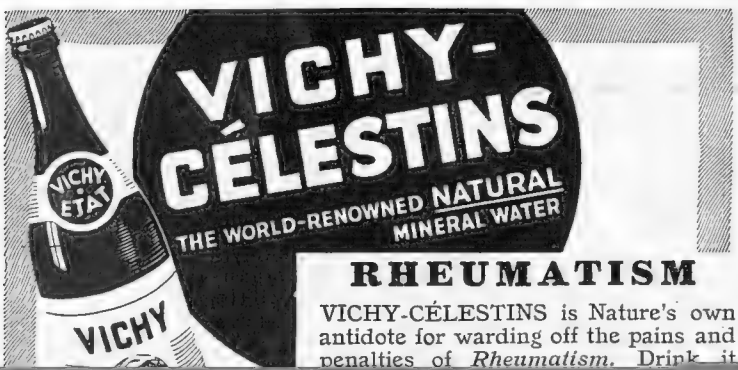
Curls and How to Wear Them

MUCH good can be done in the way of home treatment by regular massage with the finger-tips to loosen the scalp and quicken the bloodstream, while brushing night and morning is essential and should be carried out with long upward and outward strokes, thereby pulling hard at each hair and removing any dust which may have collected. Lastly, there is the question of dressing the hair in a becoming fashion. The tendency this year is to keep the crown smooth and shining, with curls mounting above the ears and across the front, or right round the head in a neat roll. A special system of permanent waving which involves no electricity or heaters, and is, incidentally, very successful with bleached heads, is advocated by Emile, as it is ideal for curls and looks so soft and natural.

This charming coiffure is created by Emile, the well-known hairdressers at 24, Conduit Street. The hair is piled into loose rolls above the ears, while soft curls form a coxcomb effect on one side. A light fringe softens the forehead, and the back follows the line of the head with deep waves. This is an ideal style for evening and looks particularly effective with a tiara

Concerning the Bride-to-Be

MANY future brides are planning their trousseau, and will welcome the advent of a charming illustrated booklet entitled *For the Bride*, which has been prepared by Dickins and Jones, Regent Street. It will be sent gratis and post free to all applicants, and is extremely comprehensive, containing many lovely designs of wedding gowns and bridesmaids' frocks. For the "petite" bride who so often has difficulty in finding anything small enough, there is a graceful lace dress sprayed with stars and cut with a swirling skirt. It is ivory-tinted and only costs 10½ guineas, while another taller model cut on more classical lines costs 6½ guineas in heavy satin embroidered with pearls and sequins.



RHEUMATISM

VICHY-CÉLESTINS is Nature's own antidote for warding off the pains and penalties of *Rheumatism*. Drink it

LOVELY LUCERNE

SWITZERLAND'S "HOLIDAY CAPITAL"

Where William Tell made History

Golf = Tennis = Casino = Lido

BY APPOINTMENT

Tenova for Tennis

● Tenova self-supporting socks are ideally comfortable and hygienic for tennis. The special patented design with a top band containing lastex yarn does the trick. They can't come down. They don't let you down. No drag, no tightness round the leg, no suspenders—when the socks go to the laundry, the top band goes too. 3/6 and 4/6.
● Obtainable from: Army and Navy Stores, Austin Reed, Colletts, Fortnum & Mason, Gieves, Harrods, Hawes & Curtis, Meakers, Morgan & Ball, Selfridge's, Simpsons and other good hosiers.

TENOVA
self-supporting socks

Patent No. 323457. Registered in 1929.
Tenova Ltd., 157-161 Regent St., London, W.1. Regent 2424

Said the Man on Her Left—

"How well these Oatcakes go with the cheese! So thin and crisp! Wonder where our hostess got hold of them?"

"They're Huntley & Palmers —you can get them anywhere."

"Ah, Huntley & Palmers. They're the people for biscuits, of course."

— PROVE THIS YOURSELF.
Huntley & Palmers Oatcakes cost only 7½d a ½-lb. or 1/10 an attractive round tin.

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The Hotels comprising this well-known group appeal to those who value twentieth-century comforts.

The keynote is efficiency in service—cheerful surroundings—amusements for the younger generation as well as for those of quieter tastes—food of the best quality skilfully prepared, and wines from our Central Cellars with a 70 years' reputation.

GRANVILLE HOTEL
Ramsgate

Tonic air of Kentish Coast. Overlooking the sea. Five classic golf courses nearby. Hydropathic and Electrical treatments by qualified attendants. Hot and Cold sea-water baths on all floors. Central heating throughout. Own garage and car park adjoins Hotel.

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Brochures and Tariffs from Resident Managers or from Head Office, 35 New Bridge St., E.C.4.

Advertisers would appreciate your mentioning
THE BYSTANDER
when replying to their announcements.

BREAST SUPPORTER

Beware of Harmful Substitutes

WHICH NEITHER SUPPORT NOR UPLIFT. The illustration shows left breast supported and right unsupported. Only **JOUJOU BREAST SUPPORTER** gives this correct improvement; must be worn day and night. **GUARDS** against **CANCER, TUMOUR, MASTITIS,** and relieves **PAIN** immediately.

Various prices for one's requirements and taste

White material.
For drooping, heavy figures **38/6**
Loose breasts **32/6**
Pink Silk or Net, detachable straps, from **52/6**
Please state Bust and Underbust measurements.
For small Figures only, in white fine material, **15/6**
Very low back model, **63/-**
LOW BACK, ETC., FOR BATHING, From 25/6

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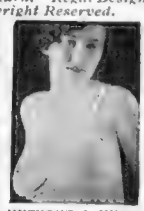
IDEAL SUPPORT FOR RIDING.



WITHOUT & WITH

Expectant Mothers will find **JOUJOU BREAST SUPPORTER** a boon. It gives perfect freedom of movement, and prevents breasts from becoming heavy and inflamed.

Also a NEW INVENTION for AMPUTATION Breast Supporter with Pad. *Prices on application.*

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R.M.S. "QUEEN MARY"
Designed by G. H. DAVIS, the special artist of "The Illustrated London News."

All 12 Decks Removable, Revealing Every Item of the Ship's Wonderful Interior.

The Model, 12 inches long, together with a numbered list of all the interesting features of the ship, is available in an attractive box, price 3/6. Postage and packing, Inland, 9d. extra; Elsewhere Abroad, 2/6 extra.

Orders with remittance should be sent to :—
THE LONDON ELECTROTYPE AGENCY LTD.
(Dept. 3), 23-24, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4.

Women's Golf: "Bystander" Monthly Medal Spoon Competition

The BYSTANDER awards thirty silver teaspoons in each L.G.U. Handicap Division every month from April to September inclusive, for the best net scores relative to the scratch scores of the courses played on. From October to March inclusive, fifteen spoons are awarded in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places. Only scores taken out and returned for L.G.U. purposes are eligible. One spoon is given monthly for the best gross return of the month relative to the scratch score of the course, if such card does not win a spoon under handicap.

Cards must be sent to reach the Golf Editor, the BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, so as to reach her not later than the first day of the month following that in which they were taken out.

A Yearly Challenge Cup and Memento will be awarded to the player winning the greatest number of BYSTANDER Spoons during the year, irrespective of which Division she is in.

Full particulars will be sent on application.

April Results: Silver Division (18 and under)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. T. Evans	Ashburnham	85	17	68	74	6 below
Miss K. Pengilly	Came Down	87	18	69	75	6 „
Miss Nan Baird	St. Nicholas, Prestwick	70	1	69	73	4 „
Mrs. H. A. Luke	Jodhpur	81	15	66	70	4 „
Mrs. Sutcliffe Rhodes	Formby	83	13	70	73	3 „
Mrs. J. N. Kerr	Willingdon Sports Club, Bombay	72	8	64	66	2 „
Mrs. W. Templeton	Erskine	84	11	73	75	2 „
Miss M. R. Jones	Ashburnham	83	11	72	74	2 „
Mrs. Semmence	North Hants	86	15	71	73	2 „
Mrs. B. de C. Hunter	North Hants	87	16	71	73	2 „
Mrs. J. B. Watson	Gullane	76	Scr.	76	77	1 „
Mrs. Frank Rider	Goodwood	76	4	72	73	1 „
Miss Nancy Cook	Caernarvonshire	80	7	73	74	1 „
Mrs. J. N. A. James	Bombay Presidency	82	12	70	71	1 „
Mrs. E. de Moss	Hesketh	87	14	73	74	1 „
Miss M. E. Flitcroft	Eastbourne Downs	84	15	69	70	1 „
Mrs. Ross	Heswall	89	17	72	73	1 „
Miss J. Watson	Goodwood	90	18	72	73	1 „
Mrs. D. M. Forbes	Sherwood Forest	79	5	74	74	All square
Mrs. Medrington	Birkdale	81	7	74	74	„ „
Mrs. Norma Crosse	Worksop	81	11	70	70	„ „
Miss J. Atkinson	Lindrick	89	13	76	76	„ „
Miss Spencer	Northampton	88	12	75	75	„ „
Miss I. Kemp	Worksop	83	13	70	70	„ „
Mrs. C. M. Mitchell	Sandwell Park	90	17	73	73	„ „
Mrs. Dobson	Harrogate	80	5	75	74	1 above
Mrs. W. T. Swannell	Northampton	82	6	76	75	1 „
Mrs. W. W. Burton	Mere	83	7	76	75	1 „
Miss Troup	Northampton	84	8	76	75	1 „
Miss S. Richardson	Cleveland	85	10	75	74	1 „

Bronze Division (19 to 36)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss M. H. Martin	Willesley Park	88	34	54	74	20 below
Mrs. K. Bennett	Worthing	94	34	60	73	13 „
Mrs. J. E. Watkins	Swansea Bay	83	19	64	74	10 „
Miss H. M. Wood	Gullane	104	36	68	77	9 „
Mrs. E. A. Davies	Mere	102	36	66	75	9 „
Miss L. M. Corbett	Sandwell Park	94	30	65	73	8 „
Mrs. Morland	Birkdale	86	19	67	74	7 „
Mrs. Yates	North Hants	85	19	66	73	7 „
Mrs. B. Walker	Derbyshire	91	24	67	74	7 „
Mrs. J. D. Jardine	Lancashire	96	31	65	72	7 „
Mrs. E. L. Cluley	Bloxwich	92	24	68	73	5 „
Mrs. Chandler	Frilford Heath	93	25	68	73	5 „
Mrs. Dyson	Birkdale	96	27	69	74	5 „
Miss Wilcock	Oakdale	101	30	71	76	5 „
Mrs. Butterfield	North Hants	99	31	68	73	5 „
Miss H. M. Briggs	Oakdale	103	32	71	76	5 „
Miss M. E. Southern	Leighton Buzzard	103	36	67	72	5 „
Mrs. H. D. Macgregor	Calcutta (New Course)	101	36	65	70	5 „
Mrs. L. G. Burns	Barrackpor	88	19	69	73	4 „
Mrs. N. Somerset	North Hants	95	26	69	73	4 „
Mrs. D. R. Forrester Clayton	West Middlesex	105	36	69	73	4 „
Miss D. Pitts	Goodwood	105	36	69	73	4 „
Mrs. H. J. Creswell	Jodhpur	102	36	66	70	4 „
Mrs. N. K. Maltwood	The Warren	90	19	71	74	3 „
Mrs. C. A. Clark	Shirley Park	89	19	70	73	3 „
Mrs. T. F. Adams	Sandy Lodge	94	23	71	74	3 „
Miss R. M. E. Stonestreet	West Middlesex	100	29	71	73	2 „
Mrs. Stewart	North Hants	103	32	71	73	2 „
Mrs. Grist	Eastbourne Downs	103	35	68	70	2 „
Mrs. C. W. Chadburn	Sherwood Forest	92	19	73	74	1 „

The "Bystander" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes (14th Year)

At Gleneagles Hotel G.C. (King's Course),

JUNE 15 to 18, 1937

Holders: MISS ROBERTSON-DURHAM and MISS HELEN NIMMO.

Entries close Friday, May 28th. Enter NOW.

Open to all players, whether they are Scottish, Irish, Welsh, English, or Overseas. Entries will also be accepted from foreign and other competitors without L.G.U. handicaps.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30 L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit. Handicap certificates to be shown before play, but the BYSTANDER reserves the right to accept entries from players without L.G.U. handicaps.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples stating handicaps, to reach MISS E. E. HELME, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Friday, May 28th.

The BYSTANDER reserves the right to close the entry list before that date should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament. Seeded draw.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists

HOTEL

The BYSTANDER Headquarters for the Scottish Foursomes will be *Gleneagles Hotel, Perthshire, where the special terms for competitors will be 15s. per day inclusive.*

GLENEAGLES HOTEL — NO ENTRANCE FEE

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss Helme, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, by **Friday, May 28th, 1937.**

The "BYSTANDER" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes at Gleneagles Hotel G.C., June 15th, 1937, and following days.

PLEASE PRINT.

Please enter
Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of.....*Club.* *L.G.U. Handicap*.....

Home Address..... *Telephone No.*.....

To play in the above Handicap Foursomes at Gleneagles with

Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of.....*Club.* *L.G.U. Handicap*.....

Home Address..... *Telephone No.*.....

Please notify change of address, handicap, or partner to Miss Helme as above, or after June 12th to her at Gleneagles Hotel, Perthshire. Telephone: Auchterarder 70.

NATIONAL PLAYING FIELDS ASSOCIATION COMPETITION

The Competition for the National Playing Fields Association Challenge Cup and other prizes, conducted by the Scottish Ladies' Golfing Association, will be played at Gleneagles, King's Course, during the Foursomes. ALL ENTRANTS FOR THE "BYSTANDER" SCOTTISH FOURSOMES and members of clubs affiliated to the S.L.G.A. ARE ELIGIBLE TO COMPETE.

CONDITIONS: Medal play under L.G.U. handicap. Entry fee, 2s. 6d. first card, and 1s. for every subsequent card. Entries received on day of play only.

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Getting Married

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Cannons of Hollywood

Mary McLintock

Is engaged to Malcolm George Lillingston, younger son of Canon A. B. Lillingston, of the College, Durham. She is the youngest daughter of Sir William McLintock, Bt., and Lady McLintock, of Tudor Lodge, Wimbledon Common. She is a good squash player, and is ranked sixth in England

Cannons of Hollywood

Dorothy North

Is the elder daughter of the late Hon. Dudley North and Mrs. Dudley North, and granddaughter of Lord North. She has announced her engagement to Robert A. C. Graham, third son of the late Captain W. L. Graham, of Carfin, Carluke, Lanark, and Lady O'Donnell, of The Moat, Charing, Kent

Lenare

Anstice Crawley

Yevonde

Cécile Rankin

Is engaged to Flight Lieutenant John Grandy, R.A.F., son of the late Francis Grandy. She is the younger daughter of Sir Robert Rankin, Bt., M.P., and the late Mrs. Rankin. Her father represents the Kirkdale Division of Liverpool, and owns Broughton Tower, Broughton-in-Furness

Bertram Park

Marit Guinness

Is engaged to Carl W. Ascham, only son of Judge Ascham, of Malmö, Sweden, and of Baroness Elsa Djurklou, of 73, Prince's Court, S.W. She is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. H. Guinness, of 6, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, is a debutante of this year, and was presented by her mother at the second Court

Left: Anstice Crawley is the younger daughter of Canon and Mrs. Stafford Crawley, of 4, the Cloisters, Windsor Castle. She announced her engagement in April to Charles Bathurst Norman, District Commissioner, Voi, Kenya

Lenare

Marie McRae Smith

Is the daughter of the late Major William Alden Smith and Mrs. Richmond Temple, of 43, Park Street, W.1. Her fiancé is Lt.-Com. Thomas C. C. Lloyd, R.N., eldest son of Colonel and Mrs. John Lloyd, of Dinas, Brecon, South Wales

Catherine Bell

Margaret Connolly

Is engaged to Robin M. Mere, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Mere, of 38, Great Cumberland Place, W.1. She is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Stuart Connolly, and niece of Lady Painter, of 8, The Boltons, S.W.10

Vandyk

Elaine de Chair

Is the only daughter of Admiral Sir Dudley and Lady de Chair, of Podenhale, Wentworth, Surrey, and is engaged to Richard J. A. Hamer, elder son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. F. A. Hamer, of Cadland, Fawley, Hampshire

Lenare

Daphne Travers

Daphne Helen Travers announced her engagement two weeks ago to Grant Allen Singer, of Norman Court, Salisbury. She is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Travers, of Bombay, India

Catherine Bell

Phyllis Monica Langley

Is being married in June to Robert W. Skene, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Skene, of Balgownie Lodge, Belmont, Surrey. She is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Langley, of the Old Hall, Pinner, Middlesex

Bassano

Frances Harbord

Is the only daughter of the late A. G. Harbord and Mrs. Harbord, of 4, Albert Terrace, Windsor, and is engaged to Joseph H. H. Gaute, son of Mrs. Everett-Gaute, of Ingle Lodge, Addlestone, Surrey

Fayer of Vienna

Elfrida Pearson

...as announced her engagement to Alen Wallace, younger son of Mr. and ...rs. W. M. Wallace, of ...drick Lodge, Stirling. Her ...rents are Mr. and Mrs. ... Pearson, of 19, Abbey ...k Road, Grimsby, Lincs.

Lenare

Yvonne Louise Holland

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Holland, of Argentina, and granddaughter of Lady Holland, of Holmhurst, Wimbledon. Her fiancé is John A. Hunter, of Iwerne Minster, Dorset, son of the late John Hunter, of Ayrshire, and Mrs. Dickinson

Elliott and Fry

Daphne Hall

Is engaged to Henry P. Lee-Warner, only son of the late P. H. Lee-Warner and Mrs. Lee-Warner, of 41, Ovington Square, S.W. She is the daughter of G. B. Hall and the late Mrs. Hall, and granddaughter of Mrs. Weston Devenish, of Mount House, Parkstone, Dorset

Bassano

Betty Halbert

Is the daughter of T. G. Halbert, of Perth, W. Australia, and is to marry in July Robert Gledding Linton, son of the Hon. Sir Richard and Lady Linton, of 34, Cadogan Sq., S.W. Sir Richard Linton was Agent-Gen. for Victoria, Australia; Lady Linton presented Miss Halbert at Court

McGavin — Scott

D. McGavin, only son of Sir Donald and Lady McGavin, of Wellington, New Zealand, and Cynthia Scott, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Scott, of Wylye Head, Kilmington, Wiltshire, were married at St. Stephen's, Hampstead

Cridlan — Burrows

Richard L. Cridlan, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Cridlan, of Feldan Park, Boxmoor, and Patricia Maud Burrows were married at St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Trafalgar Square. She is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. F. Burrows, of 45, Queensberry House, Richmond, Surrey

Lankester — Perry

Arthur Hugh Lankester and Joan Rupertia Mary Perry were married at Holy Trinity, Kensington Gore. He is the son of Dr. and Mrs. Arthur Lankester; and she is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Perry, of Highfields, Effingham, Surrey

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

May 26 — June 1

First Night and Matinee dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE.—Ralph Richardson is the amazing doctor mixed up with some amusing crooks: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE ASCENT OF F 6.—Auden and Isherwood's iconoclastic social satire in verse has Barry Barnes, William Devlin and Ruth Taylor to interpret: Little, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

BATS IN THE BELFRY.—Aunt Lilian Braithwaite, with Henry Kendall opposite, decides the destiny of Lydia Sherwood and Janet Johnson and others in an amusing comedy: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

BLACK LIMELIGHT.—Margaret Rawlings has a strong part round which pivots an intelligent and effective thriller: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE CONSTANT WIFE.—Maugham's matrimonial comment has Ruth Chatterton in the lead, excellently supported by Cyril Raymond, Cecil Parker, Helen Haye and Eileen Peel: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

JANE EYRE.—Completely satisfying adaptation of the Brontë novel with Curigwen Lewis as Jane and Reginald Tate as Rochester: Aldwych, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—Play about earnest youth v. vapid socialites with Peter Coke, Isabel Jeans, Athole Steuart, Betty Stockfeld and Penelope Dudley Ward: Strand, 8.30. Tues., 2.30.

NIGHT ALONE.—Richard Bird is the making of this excellent little trifle: Duke of York's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SARAH SIMPLE.—A. A. Milne's first comedy for five years has divorce in the air and Leonora Corbett in the lead: Garrick, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

A SHIP COMES HOME.—Lively, ramshackle play on a low social scale with Mary Clare, Michael Redgrave, Laura Cowie and Muriel Aked: St. Martin's, 8.40. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

STRATFORD FESTIVAL.—Representative Shakespeare programme throughout the summer at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this long-runner is about a family dominated by its grand-matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BALALAIKA.—White Russian plot is strong for a musical comedy, spectacle is splendid, music ordinary; Muriel Angelus and Roger Treville lead, Clifford Mollison in support: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BIG BUSINESS.—Bobby Howes, Vera Pearce, Bertha Belmore and Wylie Watson are singly and collectively equal to all or no situation—mostly the latter: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CARELESS RAPTURE.—Ivor Novello heads his own vast, romantic show, with Dorothy Dickson and Zena Dare and huge chorus: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE GRAND DUCHESS.—Offenbach brought up to date is still tuneful and colourful, with Bruce Carfax, Enid Cruickshank and Richard Goolden: Daly's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HOME AND BEAUTY.—Mostly good, Cochran's ponderous Coronation revue has Nelson Keys, Binnie Hale and Gitta Alpar on top of their respective forms: Adelphi, 8.15. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

ON YOUR TOES.—Revival of the witty musical with Vera Zorina, Jack Whiting and Olive Blakeney: Coliseum, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

OVER SHE GOES.—Slap-stick to music, with Stanley Lupino, Laddie Cliff, and Adèle Dixon to make it go: Saville, 8.15. Sat., 2.30.

PAGANINI.—Cochran presents, Guthrie produces, Stern decorates Lehar's operetta, with Tauber and Evelyn Laye in the lead: Lyceum, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 92.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slap-stick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11-30 non-stop.

SWING ALONG.—Leslie Henson's musical swings along as the best of its kind in London should, with Louise Browne, Fred Emney and Zelma O'Neal in support: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SWING IN THE AIR.—Flanagan and Allen fill a large part of this mixed bill, and Jack Hylton another large part: Palladium, 6.20 and 9.

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Mirth and Mystery

AND THE MUSIC STOPPED.—Edmund Willard as a blackmailer and his brother in a Jekyll and Hyde murder thriller: New, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—Harold Warrender and Lucille Lisle in St. John Ervine's sparkling long-runner: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON.—Dennis Arundell and Veronica Turleigh as Dorothy Sayers' ready-made but amusing detective couple, in an effective if simple plot: Comedy 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Lively laughter-maker with Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, Leueen McGrath and Guy Middleton: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE FROG.—Big-size thriller, generous in cast and effects; Gordon Harker and Jack Hawkins lead; well entrenched at the Prince's: 8.10. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noël Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

D'Oyly Carte Comes to Town

Mr. Martyn Green and Miss Evelyn Gardiner, two celebrated Savoyards, are seen in their "Gondoliers" parts, the Duke and Duchess of Plaza-Toro. The company is the same as in the American tour, and their seven weeks' season opens at Sadler's Wells next Monday

THE HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's hyper-romantic school play, with Frederick Leister in the name-part, J. H. Roberts and Joan White: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

LONDON AFTER DARK.—Marion Lorne tremulously in trouble again with a typical Hackett plot whose suspense is well maintained: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

1066 AND ALL THAT.—A revival of the musical burlesque on our rough island's story: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WISE TO-MORROW.—Almost enthralling and almost witty, the plot gives Martita Hunt and Diana Churchill good chances, and Naunton Wayne some good lines: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

HE WAS BORN GAY.—Play about a lost Dauphin by Emlyn Williams with John Gielgud, Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies, Carol Goodner and author: Queen's, to-night, 26th.

NIJINSKY GALA MATINÉE.—His Majesty's, Friday, 28th.

BLUM-FOKINE BALLET.—Season opens at the Coliseum, Mon., 31st.

CHARLOT REVUE.—Third of his non-stops has Una Mae Carlisle and Harry Tate: Vaudeville, Mon., 31st.

D'OYLY CARTE OPERA.—Season opens at Sadler's Wells. Mon., 31st.

CINEMAS

BURGTHEATER (Viennese).—Willy Forst's film, set in the famous Vienna theatre, is a drama of youth and age with Wernher Krauss, Willy Eichenberger, Olga Tschekowa and new star Hortense Raky: Academy.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE (American).—Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland in a dramatic and inspiring (if incorrect) historical: Marble Arch Pavilion.

FAREWELL AGAIN (British).—Flora Robson and Leslie Banks star in a film with an Army background; also Patricia Hilliard: Plaza.

THE GOOD EARTH (American).—Very moving interpretation of Pearl Buck's Chinese novel by Luise Rainer and Paul Muni: Palace.

HISTORY IS MADE AT NIGHT (American).—Charles Boyer in a less sombre rôle gets the girl this time—Jean Arthur: Leicester Square.

LOST HORIZON (American).—Capra's newest from Hilton's book is almost convincing apart from some watery philosophy; Ronald Colman, Jane Wyatt Edward Everett Horton: Tivoli.

MOONLIGHT SONATA (British).—Paderewski and Marie Tempest in a romantic old-world tale, with a musical (of course) atmosphere: London Pavilion.

PÉPÉ LE MOKO (French).—Mireille Balin and Jean Gabin lead in a tale of Apaches in the native quarter of Algiers; high standard of taut integrity: Curzon.

SEVENTH HEAVEN (American).—Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell's old silent picture is re-made talking with Simone Simon and James Stewart: Gaumont.

SHALL WE DANCE? (American).—The newest Astaire-Rogers has Gershwin's music and Harriet Hoctor in support: Regal.

WINGS OF THE MORNING (British).—Annabella, Henry Fonda and Leslie Banks in a film of good technicolour and unconvincing plot which gives the French star some chances for boyish acting: New Gallery.

OPERA *(See also First Nights)*

CORONATION SEASON OF INTERNATIONAL OPERA: Covent Garden, under Beecham's Artistic Direction; London Philharmonic Orchestra; collaboration of the Paris Grand Opera and Opéra Comique, and de Basil's Ballets Russes; conductors bracketed after name of opera:

DIE WALKÜRE (Furtwangler).—To-night, 26th, 5.45.

AÏDA (Salfi).—Thurs., 27th, 8.

SIEGFRIED (Furtwangler).—Fri., 28th, 5.30.

CARMEN (Beecham).—Sat., 29th, 8.

FALSTAFF (Beecham).—Mon., 31st, 8.

GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG (Furtwangler).—Tues., 1st, 5.

GLYNDEBOURNE.—Don Giovanni and die Zauberflöte alternate for this week in the ideal setting of the Sussex Mozart festival (see dailies for times and London train departures).

BALLET

MARKOVA-DOLIN.—Representative programme of Ballets and Divertissements: King's Theatre, Hammersmith, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MUSIC

GIGLI.—Only London appearance with Betty Humby: Albert Hall, Sun., 30th.

SPORT

PERRY-VINES TENNIS MATCHES.—Wembley, to-day, 26th, and Sat., 29th.

M.C.C. AUSTRALIA TEAM v. THE REST OF ENGLAND.—Lord's, to-day, 26th (till Friday).

BRITISH AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.—St. George's, Sandwich (till Friday).

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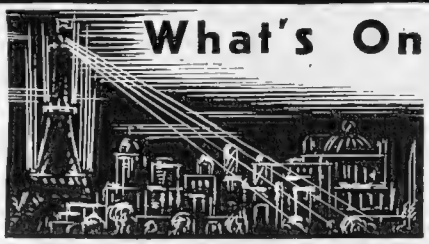
PARIS 1937



The "Bystander's" Guide to Paris During the Exhibition

PARIS, "THE CITY OF LIGHT"

DURING the great World's Fair of 1900 Paris was called the City of Light; to-day, during the International Exhibition of 1937, Paris will prove that its title is still merited.

The River Seine will be the scene of many of these fêtes. There will be 144 luminous fountains spraying in a height of 24 feet, 30 others 60 feet high and another group with still more powerful jets. Louis XIV. with all the fountains of Versailles could not afford such magnificence! Some 250 projectors will colour the fountains as they play, following "scenarios" of light for which special music has been composed by France's leading musicians. Some of the scenarios have been entitled: *The Gala of Light; The Arabian Night; The Festival of Day* and *The Fantastic Fête.*

The Tour Eiffel which has become the symbol of this Exhibition—and in a larger sense a symbol of world peace—will play a great rôle in the fêtes of light. Lit up from inside, its great steel framework resembles metal lace; illuminated by thousands of electric lamps and by miles of neon tubes it becomes the most fantastic lighthouse the world has ever witnessed, blazing its gorgeous patterns against the night sky.

Fireworks will be shown in a new way. Aeroplanes will fly to great heights and then launch parachutes from which fireworks will go off at various altitudes. Meanwhile coloured clouds will rise from earth to meet them, and the banks of the Seine will be a long wall of silver cascades.

FOR THE NON-LINGUIST

Some people find it thrilling to be in a strange country without knowing the language. Every billboard poster seems romantic for it is unintelligible; every menu an adventure into the unknown. But there are many others who find the prospect of asking for hot water in a foreign tongue rather alarming. For these timid persons, the Exhibition authorities have enlisted platoons of interpreters, who will be stationed at various points of the Exhibition grounds. For a small fee you can enjoy the services of these interpreters who will be able to direct you to any Exhibit you desire and to explain it.

The French Post Office has made an effort, too, to make the way of the foreign tourist easy. At the foot of the Eiffel Tower there will be a central post office; secondary offices will be located at the new Trocadero, the France Overseas Exhibit and the Palace of Tourism. Forty-five letter-boxes will be set up at various points so that your friends at home can receive a letter stamped from the Exhibition itself.

You can get lost in Paris if you try, because of its curiously circling streets, but there is no city in the world where it is easier to find one's way. At every underground station there is posted a large clear map which is easy to follow, and every autobus is equipped with a map of its route.

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CVS—32

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The Man's Shop offers these colourful suggestions for the maritime occasion—clothes which combine with blithest comfort that distinguished air which is at all times expected of the Man.

Beach Gowns *(On left)*
Light-weight absorbent Terry Cloth in plain shades. Collar, cuffs and scarf of White. In Red, Green, Butcher, Royal or Navy. **45/=**

Swim Trunks *(On left)*
Fancy spring knit; with or without zipp-fastened front. **19/6**

Beach Trousers *(On left)*
Amply tailored in Irish Linen, Cool and washable. Oatmeal, Navy or Sail-Cloth Red. **25/=**

Lisle Beach Shirts *(On left)*
Finely knitted, cool and light, in stripes to tone with trousers. Short sleeves and rib waist; plain turn-down collar. **21/=**

Panama Hats *(below)*
For the promenade or beach. Light, cool and shady. Sizes 6⅞ to 7⅜ **25/=**

Sandals *(below)*
With natural Calfskin straps, adjustable to all widths of foot. Leather soles and heels. Sizes 5-12. **15/9**

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Wool, Silk and Wool, or All Silk, in cheerful patterns. Designs by Rodier at 21/- and 30/- **15/6**

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The Man's Shop introduces Sports Shirts in a new material—a light and airy mixture of Linen, Wool and Egyptian Cotton. Half-sleeves, short front opening and attached collar which may correctly be worn open or with tie. White, Natural, Silver Grey, Blue Heather. **12/6**

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New Jantzen model with detachable top; concealed zipp at waist. In Maize / Pagan Brown, Maroon/Silver, Pagan Brown / White, White / Royal, White / Maroon, White / Navy. **21/=**

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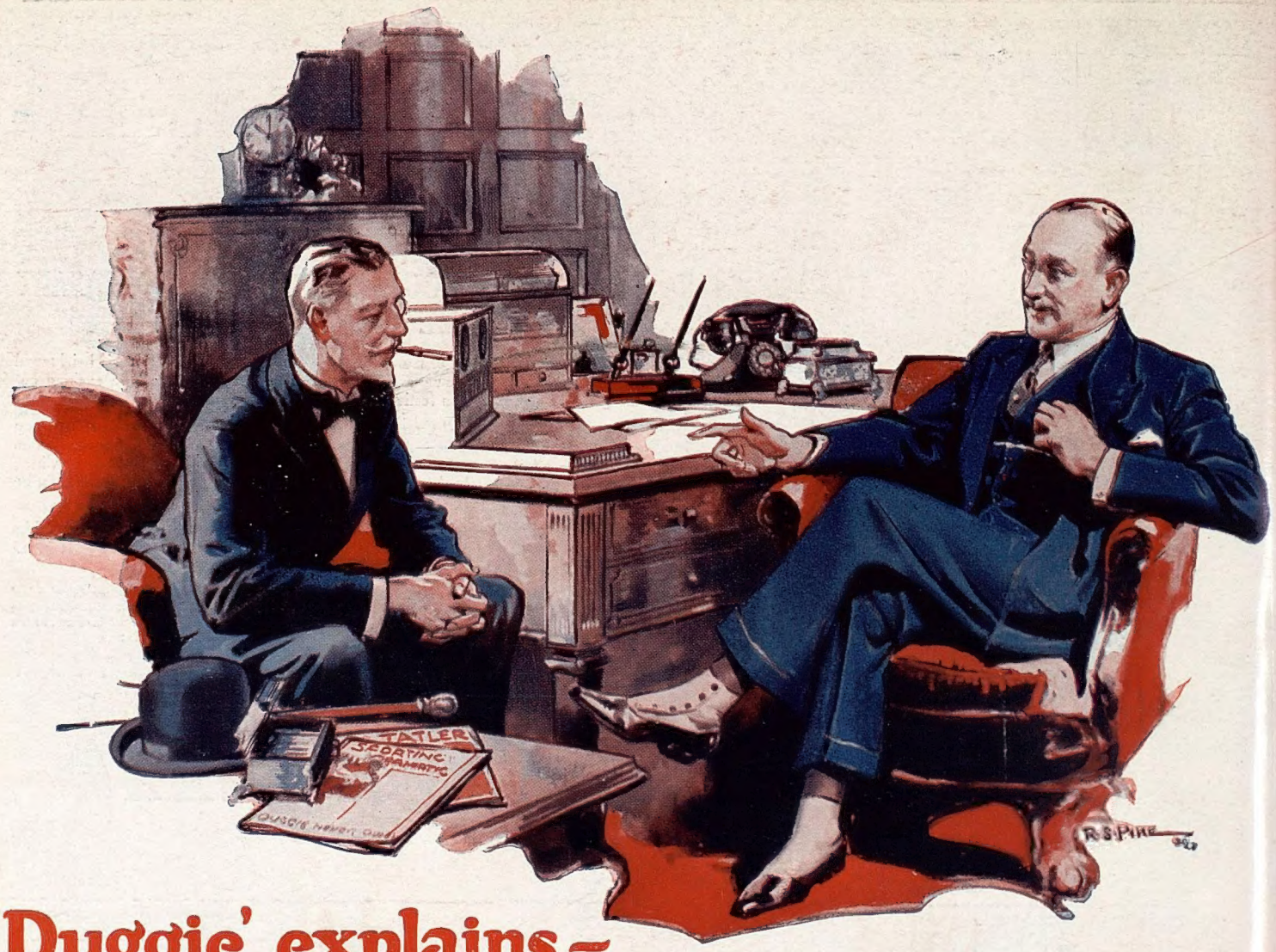

'Duggie' explains—

Only "Pinprickers" could Back Such Horses!

Sir Edward : "By Jove, wonderful price the Tote paid over 'Jacko' yesterday. 100/1."

Duggie : "Very good odds, Sir Edward, do you know anybody who backed it?"

Sir Edward : "Rather, Lady Angela had 'a fiver' on it with your firm at Tote prices."

Duggie : "Then, better still, with the 5% bonus, she 'll get 105 1. May I ask how Lady Angela came to back 'Jacko'? Its chances on the book seemed hopeless."

Sir Edward : "No doubt you 're right. As a matter of fact she closed her eyes and jabbed a pin into her morning paper."

Duggie : "I rather expected something like that. With the utmost respect to Lady Angela, it is only 'pin jabbers' who would back a forlorn hope like 'Jacko.'"

Sir Edward : "Of course. I realise no sensible backer would 'pinprick.' I suppose it 's only a straggling punter here or there who would select such a horse."

Duggie : "Quite true, but it 's totally different when it comes to well-backed horses. Take the case of 'Marmaduke Jinks,' winner of the Lincoln, Starting Price 33/1, Tote odds about 18/1."

Sir Edward : "By Jove, with a popular horse like that, thousands of backers must have been disappointed."

Duggie : "Yes, Sir Edward, that 's the usual story of Tote odds. When a 'remote' chance with no form wins, only a handful of people benefit by the long odds, but every time a form horse wins (which happens so frequently) and the Tote odds are less than S.P., thousands of backers all over the country are disappointed."

Sir Edward : "And, in any case, you give them 5% over Tote odds for wins."

Duggie : "Correct, Sir Edward, and don't forget I also give 25% over Tote odds for places."

"Duggie Explains" series are based on actual conversations held with clients, but names used are entirely fictitious."

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